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THE
ART-JOURNAL.



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THE ART-JOURNAL

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ON CONSTRUCTIVE MATERIALS IN THE EXHIBITION, CONSIDERED IN REFERENCE TO ART-PURPOSES. BY PROFESSOR T. D. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., &c. (Concluded).

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THE ART-JOURNAL.

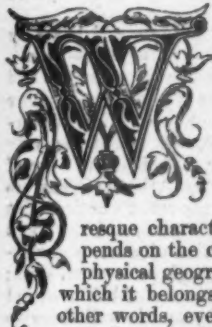


LONDON, AUGUST 1, 1863.

SCIENCE AND ART.

BY PROFESSOR ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S.

III.—MOUNTAINS.



WE have endeavoured in a former article, while giving an account of the relations of certain kinds of scenery to geological structure, to point out how closely the artistic and picturesque character of all scenery depends on the combined geology and physical geography of the district to which it belongs; how completely, in other words, every natural and well-marked tract of country has its own physiognomy, dependent on certain natural phenomena, often concealed, but always discoverable, arising from its original construction and its subsequent history to the present time.

But if such physiognomy can be explained in the case of the stratified limestones, sandstones, and clays—the tamer rocks, water-formed and water-worn—it becomes prominent and unquestionable in granite and slate, and in all other rocks that are projected in naked and vigorous outline, and manifestly command attention as the direct sources of the picturesque. It is not necessary, then, to discuss this part of the subject, or occupy time and space in proving what has never been denied. Let us rather proceed at once to the geological causation, which affords the clue to the real nature of the effects of mountain scenery.

A short space will, however, be well occupied by a consideration of the fact that all appreciation of grand scenery dates from a very recent period; and that in Art no less than in literature, the recognition of any real beauty and interest in mountainous and wild countries was hardly ever made, even a century ago,—being as much a growth of modern taste and modern cultivation as are the novel, and other peculiarities of literary composition, of which there is really no trace at any earlier period.

Neither the poets nor the painters of the middle ages, great as were their talents, and comprehensive as their genius may have been, seem to have admitted anything to be interesting that was not directly human; and the result is curiously evident, as well in Art, by the utter absence of meaning and character in the early attempts at representing landscape scenery, as in general cultivation, by the frequent expression of discomfort and annoyance, when the traveller, bound on his way to Italy, to make "the grand tour," to

complete the education of the day, regarded Switzerland and the Alps simply as terrible difficulties, either to be surmounted as best they might be, or evaded, if that were possible. The contemporaneous growth of enthusiasm for mountains and mountain scenery amongst all classes, whether travellers for amusement, poets, or artists, and its rapid advance to an almost universal passion, is certainly a remarkable feature in the history of modern civilisation, and is the more interesting as there has been an equally rapid advance in the love of nature and the study of natural history, whether of animal vegetation or mineral productions.*

The rare appreciation of beauty in wild savage mountain scenery, even when clothed with rich forest, extended even to the Italians, notwithstanding the opportunities their country offers. Thus the subject is altogether modern. No doubt at present—when every Englishman considers it almost a part of his religion to visit Switzerland, and pass up and down the Rhine; when in the British Islands, Snowdon and the Grampians are more familiar than Yorkshire and Somersetshire; when the mountains of Scandinavia are better known than the Alps were a hundred years since,—there is a due appreciation of the bold, grand, simple forms of mountains; and the artist, if he please, may carefully represent these, and limit himself to their delineation, without fear of his pictures becoming unpopular. And, on the whole, it is still chiefly in England, and among English people, that this taste is most marked. It is our own Turner, and many distinguished followers, who have most nearly approached the sentiment and feeling expressed in nature; and it is in their pictures that we best see the relations and the contrasts of mountain and cloud that are at once so wonderfully beautiful and so difficult to delineate on paper or canvas. It is needless to remind the reader that as Turner may be said to have first introduced into landscape painting the highest flights of imagination and poetic genius, so to his describer and admirer, Ruskin, we owe the most vivid and picturesque descriptions of Art, and of Nature represented by Art. To the early volumes of "Modern Painters," and especially to the chapters in the second part "Of Truth," the artist will always refer with equal pleasure and instruction, and there the elements of Art-criticism in the representation of natural objects will be best studied by the general reader.

While, however, Mr. Ruskin's chapters on the "Truth of Earth" abound with useful suggestions and noble passages, there still remains something to be observed on so fruitful a subject, and there are different ways of presenting truth, each thinker and observer having his own style and direction of thought. The remarks that follow will have more reference to the geology and physical geography causation, than to the actual mechanical results which are produced.†

The various rocks described in a former

* In these remarks it may be thought that we forget the writings of Price, and more especially of Gilpin, who have even given to the artist rules for the proper representation of mountain scenery. It is, however, the very fact of the conventional treatment thus suggested that takes from these writers all claim to a true feeling of the picturesque, in the class of country alluded to. Mountains cannot be represented conventionally without great error and hopeless weakness, for they are full of individuality, and each district has its history and geology impressed indelibly upon it.

† In his broad generalisations concerning the forms of central mountains, having only the Alps in his eye, Mr. Ruskin seems rather to have overlooked the fact that each mountain chain, whatever the name of the rock it is composed of, has its own physiognomy and characteristic features. It is not the case that all mountains of the same mineral structure assume the same form. The form is wonderfully influenced, even in detail, by the circumstances of elevation and weathering, so that granite in one place is extremely different in form from granite in another.

article as produced by deposit from water, or modified by the after action of water, lose much of their original form as they sink down under heavy pressure into the recesses of the earth, where they are subject for a long time to the action of chemical causes in a high and uniform temperature. They become changed, and are chiefly recognisable because they retain certain marks of mechanical arrangement and organic origin. When they have undergone this action for a long time, or when for any reason the chemical forces have been more powerful, the organic remains become obliterated, and the mechanical structure is obscured or even lost. In some cases it seems overlaid, and in others replaced, by a new crystalline arrangement, not unlike the original, and produced by a new arrangement of the ultimate atoms, instead of merely affecting the grains or particles of mixed matter. In this manner marble has been produced out of limestone, and a fine compact white mass, also almost crystalline, called quartzite, out of common sandstones. From clay, too, either in this way or by mere pressure, have been elaborated slates, the great variety of easily splitting rocks, more or less crystalline, that are found either in the vicinity of granite, or with gneiss, which is a kind of granite. In this way also, or at least by a very similar causation, the varieties of granite and of porphyry have been probably produced, not unfrequently at a comparatively late period. But all the substances thus formed can only have been built up into their new shape and nature at great depth beneath the earth's surface. A certain amount of internal heat facilitates change at this depth, where there is also enormous pressure. The amount of heat required for this would probably be sufficient to melt and turn into glass or ashes similar material near the surface, where the pressure is less considerable. Such rocks are then *hypogene* (formed beneath), as Sir Charles Lyell has called them, if they are not igneous.

That rocks thus existing at great depths should afterwards come to the surface and be lifted up to form the highest peaks and pinnacles of our globe supposes the existence of great subterranean force, which has continued to act after the surface of the earth or the general level of the land has been reached. That such forces are indicated both in direction and amount by the mountain mass itself seems unquestionable, and thus we enter at once on the consideration of that great problem in geology, the nature of upheavals and their influence on the earth's crust. We also see how it is that true mountains are positive phenomena, and not mere accidents; they are parts of the great written and recorded history of the earth, not to be mixed up with, or mistaken for, operations of deposit, and quite distinct from plains and tablelands, valleys, and hills. They at once mark elevation and motion, and from them—from their magnitude, direction, and height—we gain an insight into the forces that have produced them, and the time required for their elaboration. To use another simile more suggestive perhaps to the artist, they are the bony framework of the earth—the skeleton whose more marked ridges and more prominent bones are manifest through all the coating of muscle and flesh and skin, and are recognised at once as the foundation of everything that is manly and vigorous in external nature.

But to raise mountains, there must have been not merely elevation, but fracture. Rocks are not mere paste to be blown up like a bubble by a pressure from beneath them. They are hard and rough, and resist pressure as long as possible. When the power exerted is too great for their longer resistance they tear asunder, and then the force acts



more on one side than the other, or some upper bed is rent asunder because it is more strained or more brittle than the rest, while a subjacent part of the mass is often thrust through and comes to the top. Thus it is that in the great mountain districts there is some one line along which the highest elevations are to be found; but where, owing to this action, we find the oldest and first-formed rock.

There are also other lines of similar rock all nearly parallel, and it is seldom that a great mountain system is without several *axes* (as these lines are called), and several distinct fissures through which the old rocks appear. Sometimes such lines form the terminations of a great continent, as is the case with the chain of the Andes and Rocky Mountains, which reach from the Arctic to the Antarctic Ocean, or with the Scandinavian mountains, the Scotch and Welch mountains, and those of Brittany. These latter, indeed, are by no means mountain districts; but still they are connected with, and derived from, elevations. In the vast chain stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through Europe, Africa, and Asia, there is one main direction of elevation governing the form and position of more than half the land of the earth; and though this chain is broken into sub-chains, and is known by many names, it is really one, and belongs to one rent in the earth's crust, followed by numberless thrusts, continued for long intervals and at various times from a very early period down even to the most recent.

It is only by regarding mountains in this manner, as connected with movement and great force, that we can in any proper sense understand them, or perceive the causes of their grand features. Cliffs, when of granite or similar rock, often belong to the same class of phenomena, the rock in all cases being a guide to the existence of the line of disturbance. Where granite is present, the rocks have certainly been thrust up, for no granite was ever formed at or near the surface, and none can appear where it now is at the surface, without having been lifted through great accumulations of other mineral once overlying it.

The characteristic rock of the mountain axis, or "the central mountain," as Mr. Ruskin has named it, is certainly then some kind of granite, although it is equally certain that many of the largest mountain districts, and some of the loftiest mountains, are not themselves granitic. They are quite as often of those laminated mixed mineral masses already alluded to, called by geologists gneiss, mica-schist, or some of the many varieties of schist and slate. These are for the most part composed of the same elements as granite, or at least agree with some of the constituents of granite. This rock is a compound of crystals of felspar, crystals of mica, and crystalline quartz, and is readily known. But there are infinite varieties of composition. Gneiss also does not differ from granite in composition, but the crystals are arranged in layers, and the mica and other schists exhibit also a somewhat peculiar arrangement. Clay slate is a variety of clay. In all of them limestone is sparingly distributed, but in all there are many fissures and crevices formed at an early period, and since filled up with crystals, often of limestone, but oftener of quartz. Not unfrequently valuable metalliferous minerals are found among the crystals.

Regarded merely as rocks, the varieties of granite are, perhaps, the most interesting and picturesque of all. As central mountains they are often pinnacles and isolated peaks, but these are not the results of elevation, they are the effects of weather on materials of unequal resisting power. It may safely be

asserted that no bold peaks and pinnacles, such as form the summits of the loftiest Alps of Switzerland, were ever shot up into the air as they now appear. There is not even a shadow of probability that any part of the vast mass was at any time thrust up so rapidly that the rise could be distinguished by mortal eye, had any human being been present watching the phenomenon. Much more probable is it that these rugged elevations—now almost covered and quite surrounded by snow at all times—were gradually upheaved, at first under water, and then by very slow and intermitted movements in the air, no single movement being sufficient to produce a manifest change, and each lasting for a very long time. Geology teaches us that the work of nature in all these matters is slow and measured. Even the most marked elevations, however great, do not proceed without interruption, but alternate with depressions. During these movements the whole face of the land around becomes changed also, and this may take place without any sudden and abrupt change occurring in the inhabitants.

Much follows from this view of the slow elevation of the great mountain chains of the earth, and it bears upon the picturesque features of the mass. Beneath the snow which we speak of as perpetual, but which is as fleeting as the rain that waters the plains below, the rock is constantly changing; for it is perpetually acted on by frost, and the fragments broken away roll down to the ice-clad valleys, there to form part of glacier moraines, or to be ground to powder in the rushing torrent. The differences from year to year seem small, but spread over centuries they are considerable, and greatly affect the face of nature. Yet this is not noticed, for the cause in action having always been and continuing always the same, and nearly of the same amount, the result is not very dissimilar, and the physiognomy of the mountain remains the same from year to year and from century to century.

It will be clear, then, that the physiognomy of a country, or the features by which we recognise a particular mountain or cliff, being the result of the destructive agency of weather on rocks of a certain kind, occupying a certain position, difference of position is the main cause of difference of appearance, the material being of the same kind. It is also clear that granites greatly elevated on a definite line, and having become central mountains, are likely to present a broken and jagged appearance; that the same granite, not so situated, but still elevated, may be comparatively even and smooth; and that the same granite, again, if not lifted much above the surface, may be perfectly round and unbroken, or may show any amount of decomposition of a different kind unconnected with elevation.

There are thus three conditions of granite depending on the exposure:—first, there is the broken, jagged appearance often assumed by the harder portions, after the softer and more easily decomposed parts have been removed by water and weather; secondly, there is the less broken appearance of the ridge when the destructive influences are smaller; and lastly, there is the round smooth appearance, only irregular when the elements of decay are present, and have done their work of destruction. Thus the granitic needles of Mont Blanc are very distinct from the rounded bosses of Ben Nevis or the Brocken; and both are different from the granite of the Channel Islands, and the soft rotten rock of the Fichtelgebirge, in Saxony. In all these cases, however, the mineral is nearly the same; it is the circumstances of elevation and exposure that have determined the picturesque character.

Each condition of granite has its own peculiar beauties. The wild and magnificent grandeur of the Swiss mountain, towering into the sky and covered with snow, except where the rock is too bold and the walls are too vertical for the snow to rest on them, is no doubt the most striking and impressive. Split for the most part vertically, owing to the extreme angle of elevation attained, the needle or pinnacle form is common in individual rocks, while a peculiar wedge-shape characterises the whole of each separate mountain mass. The work of removal of the softer and superficial deposits and broken fragments, has been long effected, and we see the real skeleton—the hard, iron framework, angular and energetic, and in no case to be mistaken. The result can only be obtained by a distant view, but in the distance the outline remains as sharp and well marked as if we could approach near and sketch the exact detail. A hundred examples might easily be collected, each of which should be perfectly distinct, while all would be found to be connected together by one common condition of the rock and one system of upheaval.

Rounded bosses of granite, which are by no means rare in some parts of the world, afford singular contrasts to the pinnacles and peaks of the Alps, the Pyrenees, and other well-known mountain chains. They are certainly less picturesque, but sometimes very curious. The granitic cliffs fringing some of the coasts washed by the Atlantic Ocean are much more deserving the artist's notice. But here also the work indicated, and the effect produced, is by the action of water and weather. It is grand, though on a small scale; beautiful, with every element of boldness, and vigour, and movement; and it well deserves careful study on the part of all artists and lovers of the beautiful in nature. It is nowhere better seen than in the small Channel Islands between England and France, where every variety of granite scenery can readily be obtained with little trouble.* There is here a marvellous complication of cliff and pierced rock, and cavern and pinnacle, detached and semi-detached, all in a constant state of transition, while the changes, however rapid, always bring back the same form and the same features.

Next to granite as a rock forming mountain masses, elevated from beneath, and produced at great depth, comes gneiss, which is but a stratified granite; and with gneiss are varieties of schist, of which mica schist is the most widely and largely extended. Partaking of the nature of stratified masses, they exhibit this condition even where most manifestly related to the granite. The mountains composed of them are generally more regular and ridge-like in form than those of granite, and the direction of the ridges is more uniform, and is parallel to the main line of elevation. They exhibit thus a kind of subordination, compared, at least, with the extreme independence of granite in all respects. Still mica schist and gneiss are essentially grand in their form. The former rises to elevations little inferior to granite itself, as illustrated in the Sierra Nevada of the south of Spain, one of the loftiest and most picturesque of the mountain chains in Europe. Gneiss also occupies an extensive area, and rises into considerable mountains in Switzerland. The peculiar arrangement, whether really bedding or a mere lamination derived from structure, that always pervades such rocks, is at once seen in the mountains

* I venture to refer the reader to an account of these islands recently published, in which their peculiar beauties, and the cause of them, are explained, and well illustrated by the accurate pencil of Paul J. Naftel. See Ansted and Latham's "Channel Islands."

or flanking ranges; and it is still more clearly apparent, and affects the landscape in a very marked way, when we are able to approach near and observe the details. Thus it is that in cliffs and lower mountains there is an absence of bold effect, and the beauty of granite is absent.

Not so, however, always with slate. This peculiar rock, certainly once a mere mechanical accumulation of mud, is now so far altered that its mechanical structure is merged in the peculiar re-arrangement of its atoms; but the slaty cleavage, or minute parallelism of plates throughout the mass that now affects it, is so combined with a semi-crystalline state of the rock that the weathering and erosion by water produce forms in the highest degree picturesque. Here also we find that the general result on a large scale of exposure under aqueous and atmospheric influences has been to round off the larger inequalities, leaving the distant outline apparently smooth enough, although when we approach more closely the detail is exceedingly wild and irregular. Slate, whether on the mountain side or in the quarry, is thus an eminently picturesque rock, and it is often almost as much so by its colour as by its shape.

Slate is directly derived from clay; and in the same way, but by a yet more distinctly crystalline change, marble of all kinds is derived from limestone, and quartzite from sand and sandstone. Statuary marble is a rock not known to occur in England. There are some deposits in Ireland, but they are probably not large, and it is chiefly Italy that at present supplies the world. The mixed carbonates of lime and magnesia crystallise into a rock called *dolomite*, which, in its sugar-like grain and its pure whiteness, resembles some varieties of marble.

Notwithstanding the beauty of the material, the breadth and boldness of the fracture, and the colour, neither marble nor dolomite add much to picturesque beauty. They are mere limestone varieties, and unless assisted by the accident of a large quarry, or by some peculiar vegetation, there is little to distinguish them, or render them attractive to the artist. There are no doubt, however, striking peculiarities of scenery in the great quarries of Carrara, in the old and long-neglected quarries of Greece, and in the great marble quarries of Spain, and near Lisbon. In all these colour, as well as form, are very peculiar, and well deserve more careful observation and representation than they have yet obtained. Gypsum and alabaster produce scenery which often borders on the grotesque.

Quartzite is capable of modifying landscape, and producing more decided peculiarities of effect than any of the other modifications of deposited rock, owing to its brilliant whiteness, its extreme hardness and sharpness of outline, and the small variety of vegetation (never extending beyond a few lichens) that can grow upon it. Some remarkable instances of quartzite projecting beyond the surface, and forming small hills, exist in Shropshire, where they are known as the Stiper Stones. In gold producing districts, as in California and in many parts of Australia, ridges of similar material project above the surface, and are called reefs. They greatly influence the near landscape. In some districts, however, as in the north of Scotland, this rock is distinctly stratified, and thus differs from hard sandstone only in its greater compactness of texture, and the absence of any growth of other vegetation than lichens. "The regions where it abounds have a very peculiar aspect, the hills being in general conoidal, with a smooth flowing outline, and few asperities, though with

numerous scattered fragments. The soil that covers them is remarkable for sterility, even in this land of barrenness, whilst their summits and declivities refusing nourishment to the humblest moss, shine with dazzling whiteness. Of this kind is the conical stack Balloch-nan-foy, the last remarkable mountain on the west coast, whose naked ridge of bright quartz shines in the sun like snow, and was described by Pennant as marble." Other very remarkable instances of glittering white quartz rock have been mistaken for snowy caps on the mountains of Abyssinia, and the parts of Africa near the shores of the Red Sea. Quartz rock is indeed a more peculiar and recognisable rock than almost any of its class.

We come next to those remarkable and exceptional phenomena connected with the existence of volcanoes, and the outpouring of melted rock to the surface. These occasionally meet the eye in various parts of the world, rarely, no doubt, and especially so in our own islands, but by no means so rarely in other countries as many suppose. They are admirably adapted to exhibit the power of the artist, and present varieties of form and colour amazingly different from those exhibited by other rocks.

A volcano in the ordinary and simplest sense is a conical mountain, or a conical summit of a mountain, hollowed out at the top by a cup-shaped depression, which is sometimes large enough to appear, even at a distance, like a Alice cut off the cone, and sometimes so small as to be quite invisible from below. Mountains of this kind are of all varieties of elevation, some in the eastern Mediterranean not rising much above the sea level, while others in the Andes are among the very loftiest peaks attained on our globe. In themselves they are somewhat monotonous in form, but they are associated with other appearances derived from the outpouring and subsequent cooling of melted rock, and this from its extreme blackness and glassy slag-like character is often sombre and gloomy in the extreme. As, however, it usually contains the elements of a valuable soil, and after a time becomes acted on by weather and made productive, there are many instances of extreme fertility contrasting with this strange black barrenness, and affording magnificent contrasts of colour and form.

It is well known that even now, in many cases, great eruptions of volcanic rock take place under water, and geology teaches us that it has always been so. Hence we find among the rocks deposited by water, and often little altered, large sheets of ancient lava, little differing, in some respects, from the modern varieties, but cooled much more slowly and under the heavy pressure of a column of water. The result is seen in the more regular structure of such lava, which is known by a distinct name, being then called *basalt* and sometimes *trap*, from its lying in flat layers one above another like steps (the derivation of the word trap is from the Swedish *trappa*, a stair).

Many parts of the world, however, exhibit volcanic phenomena of the ordinary kind, mixing strangely enough with the ordinary scenery in countries where the volcanic fires are of very ancient date, and have even become locally extinct. Such instances occur in the Auvergne country, in Central France; in Catalonia; and to some extent near the left banks of the Rhine, in that picturesque part between Bonn and the river Moselle. In these cases, and in others, where no trace of volcanic cone or crater remains, there are large districts having the very peculiar characteristics of basaltic scenery. Of these

the celebrated Giant's Causeway in the north of Ireland, and the equally remarkable Fingal's Cave in the island of Staffa, have most frequently attracted the artist. They are well and deservedly known; but many equally singular and not less beautiful effects of a different kind may be seen in other districts; while in parts of Hungary, in Palestine, and especially in India, rocks of the same kind exist on a still grander scale, and well deserve careful attention.

There is a curious mixture of repose and disturbance in all these examples. Repose is seen in the mode in which, without exception, the material has been accumulated. Poured out from the earth in a very viscid state, like the slag run from an iron furnace, it moves slowly, and can form thick layers on surfaces inclined at a very high angle. There are many instances of accumulation of lava, in tolerably even layers, on the steep sides of a volcanic cone, or even on the vertical face of a waterfall. With the lava thus placed there is generally much loose ash or scoria, and the whole forms one deposit. At the same time, as districts subject to such eruptions have generally also been subject to earthquake action, there are numerous rents and fissures due to this cause, besides many cracks produced by cooling. Thus is obtained the mixture of condition alluded to. The cooling under water has generally resulted in the production of a columnar structure, beautifully exhibited in the Irish and Scotch examples, but not less so, and on an even larger scale, on the Rhine. Caverns are also formed occasionally, and other curious modifications, by the subsequent action of water.

While, then, volcanic phenomena do not present by any means exclusively mountain scenery, they do, on the whole, partake of the peculiar character of elevation that belongs to the latter class of landscape. And they do this in the right way. They suggest by their very peculiarities a kind of elevation that is local, and, as it were, superficial and not universal. They lack the depth of grandeur that belongs to rocks raised slowly by the action of irresistible force acting through thousands of centuries, and presenting to our view the work that has gone on in the great depths of the earth, and that has itself required myriads of years for its production. But they are not without great value as contrasts. They contrast with the mountains in their arrangement, and with the hills in their fiery origin; wherever they occur they modify the scenery, and greatly affect the picturesque character of the district.

Such are among the phenomena of mountains, the grandest, the most suggestive, the most living phenomena that nature presents. Mountains, beyond all other kinds of scenery, are adapted to elevate the feelings, to enlarge and freshen the intellectual powers, to strengthen the physical frame, and to prepare the man, worn and exhausted by the routine of a town life, and the excitement of a profession, for fresh exertion in his path of duty. More than all other scenery they are adapted to test and increase the powers and resources of the artist, and enable him to grapple successfully with difficulties of tone, light, air, and a hundred other details. There is nothing in nature that affords so strong and healthy a stimulus as an approachable mountain, whose summit is only with difficulty climbed, but which is constantly before us.

But mountains alone do not adequately represent the power, the beauty, or the goodness of nature; nor do they alone form the complete picture that satisfies either the artist or the critic. There must be a middle distance of hills, and a near view of plains and valleys. There must be air and cloud,

* Nicol's "Geology of Scotland," p. 136.

water and vegetation. There must, above all, be a human feeling, to connect Nature with Art; for a picture is not a photograph, and no true and real picture of abiding interest is a mere transcript of any single thing or group of things in nature. And yet Art to have any value must be true in all points, and not less true because it is humanised. There is no real beauty in any false representation or combination. There is nothing excellent in what is essentially unreal. An attempt at producing an effect of sublimity without a knowledge of what is sublime, and without an earnest intention to obey nature, is a failure. It is one of those *stems*, common enough, no doubt, but that should be driven from the studio of the true artist, as the most mischievous as well as silly invention of the worst enemy of Art. There is sublimity enough in nature, and though not limited to mountains and mountain scenery, it is often present there. All that is grand, with much that is beautiful, is there brought together with aptness of form and harmony of colour. Art not based on a knowledge of, as well as love for, Nature, is pure and tame and valueless; but a mere copyist of nature, however exact, without knowledge, imagination, and love, can never rise to be an artist. And it must not be supposed that the study of detail leads to a poor and mechanical style. On the contrary, when the artist has not from his own knowledge of nature a command of detail, he is inevitably common-place and conventional. A right use of detail gives that individuality which is the soul of a picture wherein rocks and landscape are to be the chief objects of interest. A mere trick of colour or drawing, successful enough, as it may seem, is sure to be found out in time, and if repeated under different circumstances, becomes contemptible.

There is a wide gulf between a photograph and a picture. The photograph has its own value, and may, in case of need, assist or suggest a picture. It is at least an admirable and invaluable aid to an artist's memory. But a picture is a work of much higher order, for it is external nature surrounded and made glorious and intelligible by the light of genius; and as all that is best and greatest in human intellect is derived from that Supreme Being, in whose likeness man was created, it is not too much to say that this rendering and interpretation of a portion of the earth is a much higher, more instructive, and nobler work than nature herself.

A landscape, then, shows not only that which is seen by the mere visual organ; there is an inner sense of vision, subtler, finer, and more instinctive than the outer eye. The picture should present the colouring, the tone of thought and feeling, and the very self of the painter, and the truer and more intelligent and better informed is the artist, the more valuable will be the lesson his picture affords. Nature is embellished—sometimes it is re-created, by the intelligent, far-seeing, and instructed mind of one man, and a host of other men and women will continue for ages afterwards to derive instruction from the representation of a scene which the same men and women would otherwise have passed by or stared at vacantly.

Whether, then, we consider water in its relations to the atmosphere and the earth, or the earth in its adaptation to its living inhabitants; whether we study the horizontal limestones and sandstones or the uplifted granite; whether we watch the torrent as it descends the mountain side, or the river as it flows over the plain, we shall everywhere trace the parts of one great and connected history. To know nature we must study this history, and he who would rightly represent nature must understand it rightly.

THE WORKS OF M. AND MADAME JERICHAU.

The name borne by these eminent artists has been long and extensively known on the Continent, and from the importance of the works on which they are now engaged, their fame must extend beyond the circles to which it has hitherto been limited. Among the presents to the Princess of Wales there was one named which has not yet been offered—because it does not yet exist. It is to be an Art-gift of surpassing beauty, from the hand of Professor Jerichau—a parting token of the affectionate remembrances of the aristocracy and wealth of Denmark borne of their Princess Alexandra—our Princess of Wales. This work, which is called by its author 'The Creation of Eve,' is composed according to the spirit of Milton's description:

"Behold her not far off—
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorned
With all that earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable; on she came
Led by her Heavenly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice;—nor uninformed
Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites;
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."

The chosen moment is that when Adam wakes, and is struck by the sight of Eve—the reality of his vision. We have seen only a photograph of the group, but even in this small and imperfect copy we apprehend at once the intensity of the admiration of the wonder-struck Adam. Two years must elapse before its completion in the marble, when, it cannot be doubted, it will be fully worthy of all parties most immediately interested. For the King of Denmark Professor Jerichau has executed a work which at once won him a place among the most famous on the roll of European sculptors. It is his Hercules and Hebe, a colossal group, in the purest taste of the antique, singularly happy in the contrast presented between the figures—Hebe being in the act of pouring nectar into a cup held by Hercules. There are also by this artist a Greek Slave and 'Girls Surprised at the Bath,' both works of distinguished merit. Pictures being more portable than sculpture—some of Madame Jerichau's works have been shown to her friends during her temporary residence in London. Of this lady, Cornelius, many years ago, alluding to certain artists, said, "Cette femme est le seul homme que vous avez parmi vous," a remark in which Cornelius was justified, if Madame Jerichau drew with the same vigour that characterises her 'Britannia rules the Waves,' which, with her portraits of the Brothers Grimm, was this season to be seen in the exhibition of the Society of Female Artists, at 48, Pall Mall. She is at present occupied in painting a portrait of the Princess of Wales for the Princess Christian, which is advanced to the third sitting. It is a head and bust, relieved by a blue sky background. The dress is that worn on the wedding-day, but the hair is perfectly plain, as the Princess commonly wears it. It is scarcely fair to speak in detail of any unfinished picture, but it may be said that the resemblance is already perfect, and the expression is sweet and animated. Besides this portrait Madame Jerichau has also one of the Dowager Queen of Denmark, and several subject compositions, as 'The Foundlings,' a very successful study of two girls selected from those at the Foundling Hospital; 'Reading the Scriptures,' an old man reading to a child that stands at his knee; 'The only Solace of the Poor,' two poor children lying asleep, smaller than the preceding, and very carefully wrought. A striking conception of this lady is called 'The Syren of the North,' it is a large picture, presenting the Syren leaning on a rock in the sea, the lower parts of the figure being in the water. These are the few of the works of these gifted artists of which we are in a condition thus briefly to speak. M. Jerichau is a professor and director of the Danish School of Fine Art.

Now that our relations with Denmark are so close and intimate, it is exceedingly satisfactory to know that in either art—Painting or Sculpture—artists so excellent and honoured are destined to obtain prominence in this country.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF FREDERIC SOMER, ESQ.,
BEECH HILL PARK, WALTHAM, ESSEX.

A REST ON THE HILL.

F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., Painter. W. Ridgway, Engraver.

LEAVING—by way of relaxation, perhaps, from more complex themes—the bridal maidens of old Venice, the poetical conceptions of Dante, Tasso, Spenser, and Shakspeare, the historical incidents of mediæval Italy, and the narratives recorded in Scripture—on all of which Mr. Pickersgill's pencil has been at one time or another engaged—he has descended from his lofty eminence to represent here a simple young peasant-mother at play with her infant. This kind of subject is, undoubtedly, of English growth, for we never see it—except in the pictures of the Virgin and Infant Christ, where it is treated with a solemnity proper to the occasion—in the works of the old painters of the Continent, not even, or but seldom, in those of the Low Countries, so many of whom have left us representations of almost every incident of domestic life. From the time of Reynolds—whose charming picture of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire and her infant son, in the collection of the Queen, may be cited as a notable example of a similar kind to Mr. Pickersgill's, allowing for difference of position in the aristocrat and rustic—down to our own day, British artists of almost every grade have been tempted into this field of illustration, as one which is certain of finding sympathetic admirers. It would, perhaps, be absurd to say that as a nation we have a greater love for our children than the people of other lands, and, therefore, such works are popular amongst us: it is rather to be found in the fact that we are more domesticated than foreigners—that an Englishman's home is, generally, his temple, and his children are his household deities; here is the centre of his happiness, the point to which his labours and his cares converge; hence all that reminds him of home and its loved ones, however dissimilar in circumstances, finds an echo in his own heart and a cordial response in his own experience.

And if a man's children are his household gods, the mother is the deity of her infant. "As it begins to discriminate between the objects around, it soon discovers one countenance that ever smiles upon it with peculiar benignity. When it wakes from sleep there is one watchful form ever bent over its cradle. If startled by some strange phantasm in its dreams, a guardian angel seems ever ready to soothe its fears. If cold, that ministering spirit brings it warmth; if hungry, she feeds it; if happy, she caresses it. In joy or sorrow, weal or woe, she is the first object of its thoughts: her presence is alone its true, unmitigated enjoyment." Does the painter, then, degrade or debase his art, as some men say, when he makes it the expression of a mother's love or of an infant's confidence and delight in her who bore him?

Mr. Pickersgill's 'Rest on the Hill' is a pure bit of unsophisticated nature, sufficiently refined to be exempt from the charge of the slightest vulgarity, yet rustic enough to be exonerated from that of false sentimentality. The young mother, whose cottage home is seen in the distance, is returning from the market-town, where she has been making purchases, as the contents of her basket show. The day is hot, and before she crosses the stile and traverses the rising ground between her and her place of destination, she has flung herself on a mossy bank under the shadow of a noble beech, divested herself of her bonnet, and beguiles her weariness with the child's gambols. Simple as the subject is, the picture derives value from its masterly treatment and its luminous qualities; the light and shade, as the engraving shows, are distributed in broad masses, which tell most effectively; but the tones are produced less by strong positive colours than by richness of tint, to which the dark under-skirt of the mother's dress gives additional force. There is evidence everywhere that the picture is the result of close study and mature judgment.

THE CROWN OF ENGLAND.

At a time when the marriage of the Heir of England is a subject of absorbing interest throughout that broad empire upon which, in some one at least of the many realms that flourish under the beneficent rule of Queen Victoria, the sun never sets, the history of the Crown itself—of the emblem and ensign of English sovereignty—cannot fail to attract the attention of every thoughtful student of our national annals. Many are the changes in its external form, in its structural character, and also in its enrichments, which this symbol of our island royalty has undergone while England herself has been passing through those manifold vicissitudes that are recorded in her chronicles. There are in existence numerous original authorities which, with reference to the history of the crown of England, mutually illustrate and corroborate each other. These authorities are the great seals, the coinage, monumental effigies, and miscellaneous heraldic compositions, illuminations, paintings, and sculptures.

In his recently published volume on "Historical Heraldry," this subject has been treated at length by the Rev. Charles Boutell, and we now place before our readers a summary of the sixth section of Mr. Boutell's chapter upon "The Royal Heraldry of England," with a selection from his illustrations, which has been courteously placed at our disposal by Messrs. Winsor and Newton, his publishers.

The earliest form of the English Crown, which appears from various illuminations closely to resemble the crowns of the Anglo-Saxon princes, is a golden circlet, jewelled, and heightened with leaves of trefoil form. This foliage may be said to be composed of heraldic strawberry leaves. Examples of these earliest crowns are preserved, more or less mutilated, in the effigies of Henry II., Richard I., and John, and their queens. The effigies of Henry III. and Alianore of Castile, at Westminster, have crowns of the simplest trefoil



Fig. 1.—Crown of Edward II., Gloucester Cathedral.

foliage, a slightly raised point intervening between each pair of the leaves. The jewels have long been removed from these crowns, though traces of their former existence are still apparent.

The coins of Edward I. show that his crown was similar in character to those of his consort and his father. A much richer crown was worn by the unfortunate Edward II., as appears from his fine effigy at Gloucester (Fig. 1). Here the jewelled circlet is heightened with four large and four small strawberry leaves, and eight small flowers alternate between the leaves. The next great change appears to have been adopted in the formation of the crown which Henry of Lancaster won for himself and transmitted to his gallant son. The crowns of Henry IV. and Joanna his

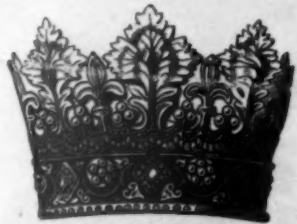


Fig. 2.—Crown of Henry IV., Canterbury Cathedral.

queen, both of them faithfully represented in their effigies at Canterbury, are truly magnificent. In each, eight elaborate strawberry leaves and as many fleurs-de-lis rise with graceful curves from above the circlet; the whole alternating with sixteen small groups of pearls, three in each (Fig. 2).

The change in the crown of England, effected by Henry V. (who broke up and employed as

security for a loan before his expedition to France, his father's precious diadem), is one which completely alters its general aspect. This new feature consists in arching over the enriched circlet with two jewelled bands of gold, which cross each other at right angles, and are surmounted with a mound and cross. The circlet of Henry V. is also heightened with crosses and fleurs-de-lis, in place of the strawberry leaves; a system of enrichment that has been retained to the present day, except, as it would seem from his great seal, in one of the crowns of Edward IV.

Until after the reign of Henry VIII., arched and unarched crowns are both represented in sculpture and other works of Art, and therefore both forms may be supposed to have been regarded as equally correct. At first the arched crown has the arches elevated almost to a point; after a while the arches are somewhat depressed at their intersection; then this depression is considerably decreased; and at length the arches, which bend over almost at right angles, are flattened above at the intersection where the mound rests on them.



Fig. 3.—Crown of Henry VII., King's College Chapel, Cambridge.

In the first instance, also, the arches recede inwards from their spring from the circlet; then they slightly project beyond the circlet, swelling in their contour; and now they either rise almost vertically or again resume their original inclination inwards. The crowns of Henry V., Edward IV., and Richard III., have four arches. The crown of Henry VI. has six arches; and six arches appear in the crown that ensigns the Hawthorn Bush-badge of Henry VII. The splendid crowns, however, of this same prince, that are sculptured in King's College Chapel at Cambridge, have four arches only (Fig. 3). There also are crowns of four arches, splendidly enriched, upon the monument of Henry VII. During the reigns of Henry VIII. and his son and daughters, the crown remained without any change in its arching, except that in her great seal Elizabeth appears wearing a small diadem having eight arches. The crown of the Stuart princes, James I. and Charles I., has eight arches; but on the great



Fig. 4.—Crown upon the monument of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., in Westminster Abbey.

seals of Charles II., James II., and Anne, the arches are four in number; and that number has since remained unchanged.

When the arches of the crown are four in number, they always spring from within the crosses patée that heighten the circlet. Henry V.'s crown has eight fleurs-de-lis alternating in pairs with four crosses; but, until the close of the Tudor era, the crown has almost always eight crosses, and as many fleurs-de-lis, which occasionally alternate with small roses. This is the case in the crown of Henry VII. (Fig. 3), and also in the singular crowns that surmount the shields upon the monument of his mother at Westminster (Fig. 4). In each of these last crowns four crosses and four fleurs-de-lis only are represented. Charles II. finally reduced the crosses and fleurs-de-lis to four of each, the same number as the arches. The velvet cap worn

within the crown appears for the first time upon the great seal of Henry VIII.

In Fig. 5 is represented the generally accepted type of what we now entitle the imperial crown of England. The real crown, however, which was made for the coronation of her Majesty



Fig. 5.—The Imperial Crown.

the Queen, and which is still in use on those occasions of state ceremonial which require the presence of this emblem of royal power and dignity, is represented in Fig. 6. This crown is formed entirely of jewels, and it covers a cap of purple velvet lined with ermine. Thus the crown



Fig. 6.—The Coronation Crown of H. M. THE QUEEN, Tower of London.

of her Majesty's immediate predecessors, though we still are disposed to look upon it as a traditional form of the royal symbol that has, and is to have, a perennial existence, has already become historical, having been superseded by the new state crown (Fig. 6). The heraldic crown, which



Fig. 7.—The Arms and Crown of H. M. THE QUEEN.

now enjoys the royal favour, in its contour differs from the state crown, and inclines to the type of an earlier time. This heraldic crown of our most gracious Sovereign appears in Fig. 7, ensigning the royal shield and the garter of the order. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

THE ART-INDUSTRY EXHIBITION AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

[Our Correspondent at Constantinople has forwarded to us photographs of some of the principal contributions in Art-manufacture which the Exhibition contains. They are, as he explains, few. We engrave them rather as objects of curiosity than as productions otherwise important. They are, however, suggestive; and some of the forms may be useful to manufacturers generally.]

THE Turkish Industrial Exhibition continues to attract numerous visitors, and it is supposed that it will remain open a month longer than was originally intended. The Sultan occasionally pays a visit to the building, but more frequently contents himself with viewing the enjoyment of his subjects from an elegant kiosk or pavilion that faces the principal entrance, and from which he can look down upon the gay scene without being observed. This kiosk is in the form of a hexagon, and on each of the six sides is a landscape representing the beautiful environs of Constantinople, drawn from nature by an Italian artist named Montani. As might be anticipated, there are no paintings exhibited by native artists, but a few good water-colour drawings have been admitted, the work of foreigners residing in Constantinople, and there are also several very indifferent studies of landscapes, animals, &c., executed by the pupils of the Imperial College in Stamboul.

Under a large glass case in front of the Sultan's pavilion is exhibited an interesting collection of armour, belonging formerly to Sultan Amuratti. The workmanship is apparently very fine and delicate, yet of great strength and solidity. A rich helmet, covered with turquoises and other jewels, is shown, which was worn by Mahomet II. In the same case are exhibited three specimens of emeralds of wonderful size and beauty, the largest measuring 2½ inches in diameter, and also a pearl of exquisite purity and whiteness, measuring rather more than an inch in diameter. The jewels of the Sultan, displayed in a neighbouring glass case, present a dazzling beauty and radiance to the eye, and appear to possess a certain fascination for the spectators, who crowd again and again to gaze upon them. Diadems and necklaces of the most sparkling gems are interspersed with enamelled chibouques, jewelled caskets, &c., and to crown all these resplendent treasures appears the rich and stately Imperial aigrette of the Sultan, which preserves, as it were, a stamp of the august majesty of its sovereign wearer. Many of these beautiful specimens of jewellery are, of course, the work of foreigners, but several are also due to Armenian artists. One jewelled fan in particular, which from its fairy grace might have belonged to a sultana of the Arabian Nights, is the workmanship of a young Armenian of only twenty-two years of age.

It is much to be wished that permission could have been obtained to represent some of the more striking and interesting objects of the present exhibition, either by means of photography or otherwise, but it has been found quite impossible to overcome the numberless difficulties which in every instance have attended the attempt to procure copies of any of the works exhibited. The few we have been successful in obtaining are, however, of some interest, as showing what Turkish artists can produce; and our thanks are due to the two or three courteous exhibitors who forwarded our views so far as they were personally concerned.

No. 1 represents a constant appendage to a Turkish apartment; as many as half-a-dozen of these marble fountains being sometimes found in one house. Constant ablutions

are so strictly enjoined by the Mahommedan religion, that it is to be supposed the con-

scientious and yet indolent Turks multiply the facilities for their practice as far as



No. 1.

possible. The fountain in the engraving is of pure white marble from the quarries of Marmora, and stands between 6 and 7 feet high. For delicacy of workmanship it could



No. 2.

hardly be surpassed by the productions of any artist of the most civilised country.

No. 2 represents a mangal, or brazier, used for burning charcoal, and has been selected

from several very handsome specimens. It stands about 4 feet high, and is of bright polished brass, presenting all the appearance of gold. It is the workmanship of a native of Stamboul, and the price affixed is £150. These mangals are seen in every Turkish



No. 3.

apartment during the winter, varying, of course, in richness of material and design. Among the lower classes they are of iron, and even occasionally of tin. The charcoal is thoroughly prepared, and freed, more or less,



No. 4.

from its deleterious properties by being first burnt in the open air, after which it will radiate a great amount of heat during a whole day without being disturbed.

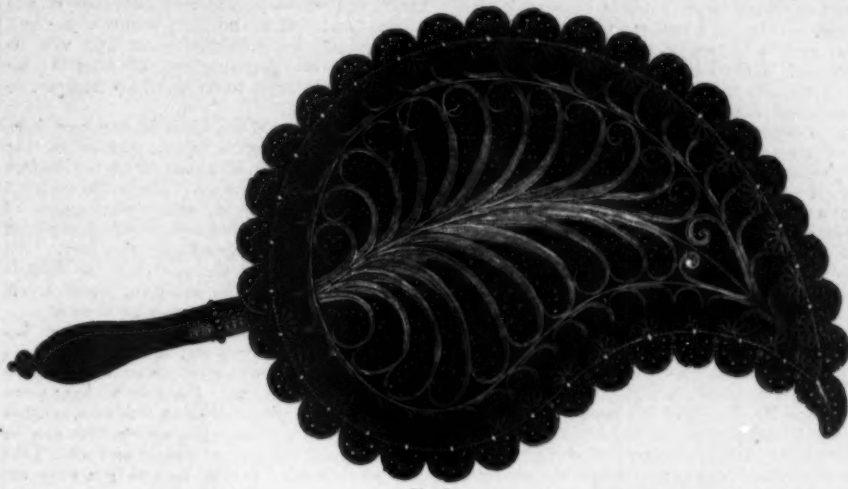
No. 3 represents one of a pair of silver candelabra, 4 feet high, designed and exe-

cuted by an Armenian named Melkom Aga. This same artist visited England a short time since, and had the honour of exhibiting to the Queen some views of the Bosphorus and other localities in Turkey, which are said to have met with her Majesty's approbation.

No. 4 is a coffee-pot of unique design, covered with rich emerald green velvet, ornamented with silver. The heaviness of the

handle spoils the general effect, which would otherwise be beautiful.

No. 5 is a portable looking-glass, with the reverse side ornamented in gold filigree. These decorated toys are almost as much in use among Turkish ladies as the fan among Europeans. Sometimes they are very costly and adorned with jewels, but even among the lower classes they are to be met with as a



No. 5.

necessary adjunct to the toilette on great occasions. They are usually from 6 to 10 inches broad, and of every conceivable shape and design.

No. 6 represents the article most in use in the daily life of the Turk. Smoking and drinking coffee are his staple enjoyments, and it is seldom that he is seen without his pipe and tiny cup of thick black liquid at his side. It is an ingenious combination of the

ordinary pipe, or chibouque, and the narghileh. It is made of ebony, which contrasts beautifully with the delicate silver filigree work with which it is overlaid. The graceful curve of the amber-mouthed snake is very striking, and the artist, Osman Aga, of Trebizond, deserves great credit for this little *chef-d'œuvre*. The price he attaches to it is £40.

We regret to terminate, with this very brief



No. 6.

enumeration of objects, our present notice of the exhibition, but should greater facilities arise for procuring impressions of other interesting objects of Art, we shall gladly avail ourselves of them at some future time.

It should be added that much credit is due to the able artist, Mr. Sebah, for his resolution in conquering the innumerable difficulties thrown in the way of his taking the required

photographs. Such impediments as he systematically encountered arose from the prejudices and more than indifference of the owners of articles to have them represented. Mr. Sebah is the only artist in Constantinople in his special branch of Art found capable of taking the photographs from which our engravings have been made.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

WHALEERS.

Engraved by R. Brandard.

Is there be one of Turner's pictures which, far above all others, has been made intelligible to every eye by the art of the engraver, it is most certainly this: it was painted at a period (1846) when the artist had almost totally ignored the least approach to the realistic in every kind of form, leaving the spectator to imagine, where it was next to impossible to determine, what was intended in the representation. Of course the elements—or, to speak more precisely, the materials—of the composition are on the canvas, but so vague and indefinite is the shape they take, that it requires skill, ingenuity, and intelligence of no common order to mould them into a form which the mind can take hold of and realise as an actuality. There are few of the pictures painted by Turner during the last twenty years of his life which must be seen from the same point of view at which we should examine the works of any other painter; it is only when we keep at a most respectful distance from them that any idea of their meaning is gained; and even under such circumstances the result is sometimes far from satisfactory.

Out of materials apparently very unpromising, the late Mr. Brandard has produced one of the most beautiful prints it has ever been our good fortune to place in the hands of our subscribers; in fact, a more exquisite example of line engraving applied to landscape—for, technically, sea-views come under this term—we could not point out in any work which has come under our observation at any time. With what marvellous delicacy the sky is rendered in its gradation of tone and colour, and how light and aerial are the clouds, broken as it were into fragments, and floating gracefully over the upper surface. Mark, too, the wonderful atmospheric effect throughout the whole picture: an effect not of mere misty sunlight, but of bright golden radiance, such as travellers tell us the early sun sometimes sends forth in high latitudes. All this brilliancy is repeated on the water and on the ice-field amid which the whaling-ship lies. Notice, also, with what extreme tenderness of manipulation the objects are reflected in the water, so imperceptibly mingling with it as to suggest the complete union of substance and shadow. And yet with all this delicacy there is no absence of power, no lack of spirit; this is especially evident in the "foreground," which literally sparkles from the masterly way in which the extreme lights and darks are managed and made to enrich the half-tints. This is one of the last engravings executed by Mr. Robert Brandard, whose death we recorded not very many months since; it is a gem on which his reputation may well rest.

This is one of a series of four pictures painted by Turner illustrative of whale-fishing; all suggested, as the catalogues of the Academy specified, by Beale's "Natural History of the Sperm Whale." Two, exhibited in 1845, were called simply "Whalers," with references to the pages of Beale's book in which the incidents supposed to be represented are described. The other two, exhibited in the following year, were respectively entitled, "Hurrah! for the whaler 'Erebus!—another fish!'"—this is the picture engraved here—and "Whalers (boiling blubber), entangled in floe ice, endeavouring to extricate themselves." These two, and one of the preceding year, are now in the National Gallery. Beale speaks of no such vessel as the *Erebus* engaged in the whale fishery, and Turner had never visited the seas where this dangerous maritime pursuit is carried on: the whole scene, therefore, must be purely imaginary, while the spectator of the picture is almost left to put his own construction on the composition. It seems, so far as the details can be understood, that the crews of the boats on the left are bringing in, with hurrahs, "another fish" to the ship; on the right, others of the vessel's crew are engaged in some occupation connected with the business of the voyage, but it is impossible to determine what they are doing. We must value the work for its glorious effect as a whole, without seeking to scan inquisitively its inexplicable mysteries.

DESTRUCTION OF WORKS OF ART IN MUNICH.

THAT a man may "do what he likes with his own," is an axiom of general acceptance. But self-evident as this proposition may appear, it still is subject to certain restrictions. We are bound in our acts to consider the comfort and health and welfare of our neighbours, or of the community; for, as no man stands alone and independent, the individual must and will be prevented from disposing even of what is "his own," if he attempts to do so wholly irrespective of his fellows.

In the relations of the whole human race there is, too, such a wonderful balance and union, that the progress or decay of a part affects the welfare of the entire human family. The truths set forth by Euclid and Newton, and the thoughts of Homer and Shakspeare are not, therefore, confined within a certain geographical boundary. All benefit by them; and the good they do extends from age to age. They are great legacies, left by heroes to succeeding generations of men.

We cannot, therefore, connect with such bequests an idea of property, or the right which property is supposed to give—to act with it as the possessor may think fit. For here we have to do with a spiritual thing—with an influence, and not with the mere objects themselves, that can be measured and weighed, or bought and sold. Take any great work: as the nations generally are partakers of its influence, the nations generally are its joint possessors. For, at the present day especially, the different people stand in such close fellowship, that not only their mutual physical wants, but the wants which religion and our moral life and intellectual culture produce, draw the most distant together, and give them a lively interest in each other. Thus, the intellectual wealth of one people is enjoyed, and enjoyed of right, by another. For there are certain things which are the common property of civilised humanity. They are there for the benefit of all; and as all have an interest in their existence, all of course are interested in their preservation.

The cartoons of Raphael are the property of the world; and, though they happen to be possessed by England, that circumstance would give her no right to destroy them; for there are higher laws than those which are to be found in the written code of legislators.

Now, whether we fling a work of Art into the fire, or wilfully allow it to remain where in a few years it must inevitably be ruined, the difference, after all, is not very great. Either would be an act of Vandalism, and a disgrace to the individual or the government that could perpetrate or allow it. And yet such wilful ruin is now going on in one of the first picture galleries of Europe—in the Pinakothek of Munich. We have not to do with the astounding indifference which alone could make this possible, but we raise our voice against a state of things of which the whole civilised world has a just right to complain. For, as was observed above, the great works which this gallery possesses are not the exclusive property of Bavaria, but are held in trust by that country for the joint benefit of us all.

There are several matters in this gallery which afford great cause of complaint. We begin, however, with that one which indicates the most flagrant neglect, and which at the same time is the most important; as, if overlooked much longer, some of the finest works of Art which the world possesses will, in a few years, have ceased to exist.

On a considerable number of the pictures patches of mould have formed, such as we see on bread, leather, or other objects that have been kept for a time in a damp place. The patches are of different sizes; but they slowly spread as this baneful mildew casts its way into the painting. By looking at the picture in a side light, the destruction that is going on is observable at once. The part covered by this mouldy vegetation is duller than the rest: it is like a blotch, and has something of the appearance which a mirror or any bright surface presents when breathed upon.

It gradually destroys the delicate glaze of the picture, that wonderful film which the great masters as well as the mellowing influence of Time imparted to their inimitable works.

Many of the Albert Durers are in this state; full of mould, and the colour standing up and scaling off. The finest Rembrandt (No. 290) is covered with mildew. Perhaps the most striking instances of this shameful neglect are the two Adrian Van der Velde, Nos. 460, 472, and the Mieris, No. 423. The Claude No. 407, is dim with the fine fungus growing upon and out of the canvas.

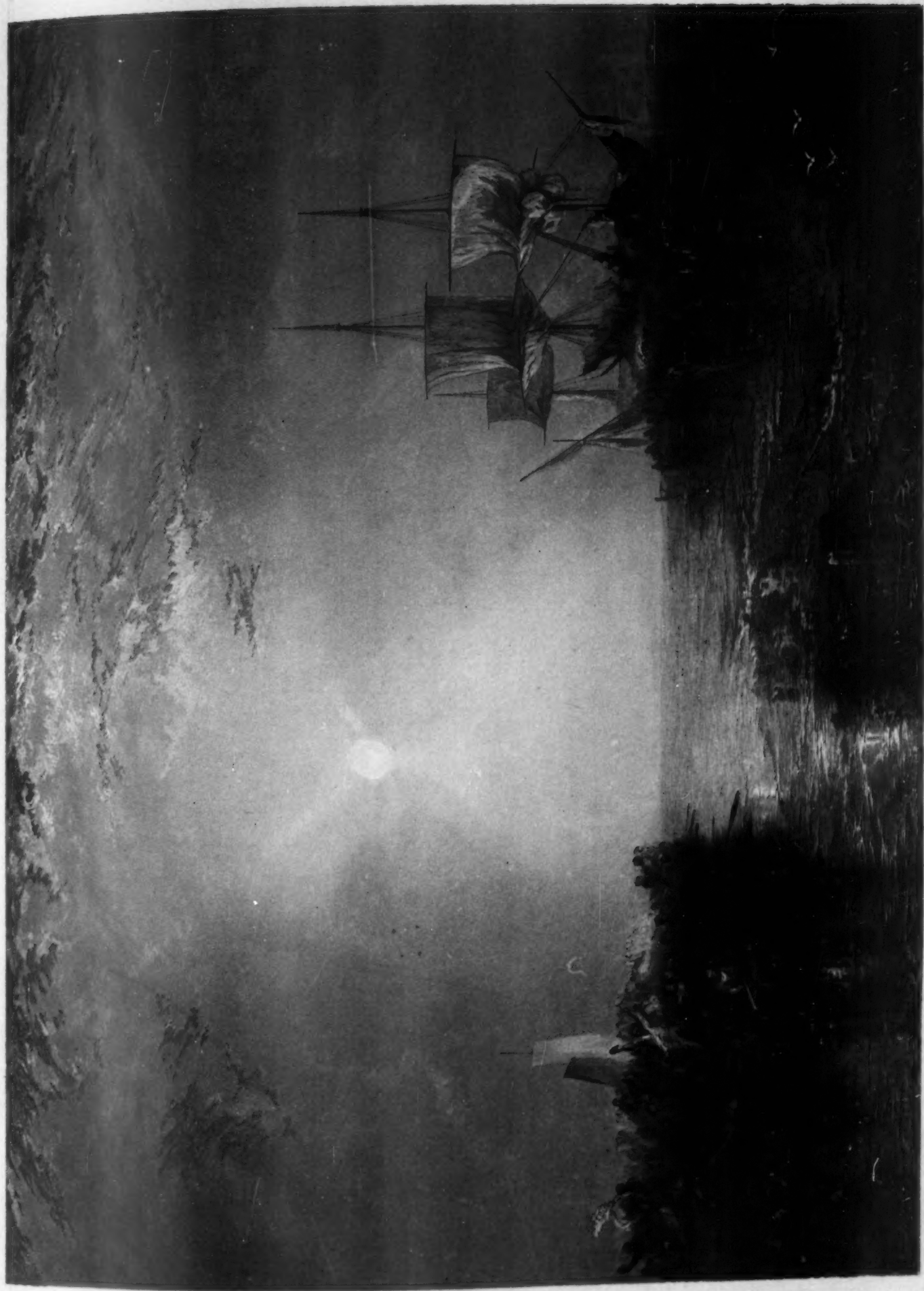
In several instances where the mildew has destroyed a part of the picture, the "restorers" have set to work to replace what has been lost. In one, a Berghem, a pearly cloud has been rubbed out by the cleaner in his endeavour to remove the evil, and a new one been painted in to supply the deficiency. In time, of course, a change has taken place in the new colours: they have grown darker, and are, moreover, wholly without that transparent enamel-like look which so pre-eminently distinguishes the rest of the picture. Thus a large blot of paint is to be seen in the sunny sky, harmonising with the rest about as much as a patch of leather, sewed on with well-waxed ends, harmonises with a lady's white satin shoe.

The evil that is thus spreading over the most valuable works in the collection is quickly and easily and safely removable by a process known to the commonest dealer and cleaner in Rome. It would seem, however, that although the means of removal are in possession of every one occupying himself with such matters, the collective wisdom of those to whom the Pinakothek is entrusted, has not been able to make the discovery. And, judging by the treatment some of the pictures have received from those who professed "to clean" them, it is a question whether it would be safe to entrust the remedy for the evil to such coarse and unskilful hands.

The nature of this mildew, or fungus, has not yet been very closely examined. It is not possible, therefore, to state with certainty whence it originates. Its growth and spread are no doubt favoured by darkness and want of fresh air, just as we see in close places, where there is little light and a stagnant atmosphere, a furry mouldiness showing itself on the surface of objects. Now, in the Pinakothek we have all these necessary concomitants. Owing to the great height of the rooms—quite unnecessary in a picture gallery—there is, except on very bright days, only a "dim religious light" to be seen within them. The sky-lights, being so high, are difficult to open, if opened at all, for the purpose of admitting air; and as in winter the gallery is not heated, a tomb-like chill prevails there for months together. These are defects which it is now too late to think of altering, and they are only mentioned here as offering a possible elucidation of a state of things which is as grievous as it is unique.

The state of the pictures in the Pinakothek bears evidence of an unanswerable neglect; the way in which they are hung manifests, even still more strikingly, an inconceivable imbecility. We find throughout the gallery pictures of very inferior merit—some, indeed, wholly worthless—hung low down, where they can be well seen and examined. Those, on the contrary, which, models of perfection as they are, might serve as examples and be advantageously studied, have places assigned them so high up as to be, for all useful purposes, out of sight. Rembrandt and Titian are treated in this way: put in the uppermost rows on the high walls, as if the grand aim in the arrangement had been to get rid of them. Vandykes, too, are stowed away in the topmost places, where every quality of the picture is lost, and the subject only is all that can be made out. It has an extraordinary effect, especially when below these—"below the line," so to say—are put others of third, fourth, and fifth rate artists.

This mode of arrangement is so general that it seems almost systematic. And it is so. There really is a "method in this madness." But it would be hardly possible for any one not initiated in the mystery to discover what that method was. The secret has been divulged, however, and the solution of the riddle having come from one of the authorities, it may be supposed to be correct. He said that the hanger of the pictures (Dillis)



J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. 1845

WHALEERS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

R. BRANDARD, SCULPT.



was guided solely by *symmetry in colour*: he chose a picture with much brown and red to balance another having also much red and brown in it, and so on with the other colours. In carrying out his plan it was quite indifferent to him whether a fine Vandyke or Titian were lost to the spectator or not. Symmetry in size was also evidently of great importance with him; and it is plain he took the same view of the matter as a certain favourite of Catharine of Russia in the arrangement of his library. Having risen to a high position under the empress, he considered it necessary that his house should be furnished with books as well as with carpets and rich furniture. He therefore sent for a bookseller, whom he ordered to procure a library forthwith. Being asked about the choice of works, he replied, "that was indifferent to him; but he supposed that there must be *large volumes below and smaller ones above*, as was the case at the empress's." And in strict accordance with this plan have the pictures in the Pinakothek of Munich been distributed over the walls. Small works, cabinet pictures of exquisite finish, an Elsheimer for example, as beautiful as a miniature, or others with figures full of wonderful expression, are placed high over the head.

It is astonishing that a man so fond of Art as King Louis of Bavaria could have allowed an individual of such evident incompetency as Dillis to arrange his collection for him; or that, when he saw how the work was being executed, he did not at once forbid him to proceed.

Consistency, under all circumstances, deserves appreciation, and it is but justice to acknowledge the high degree in which this quality displays itself in the novel arrangement of the Pinakothek. If there be one specially dark spot in a cabinet, and in that cabinet be one specially valuable picture, you may be sure that it will be found in the chosen spot for rendering it invisible. Thus we find a Natscher worth 10,000 florins in the *darkest* corner of the room. The only Hobbema in the collection has the *worst* place that the cabinet can furnish reserved for it. The same with the only landscape of Domenichino. Indeed, any work that is unique is sure to be placed away and out of sight. So, too, with the beautiful Ruysdael, No. 458. Titian, Rembrandt, Vandyke, are hung anywhere—twenty-four feet high when possible—to get rid of them. Raphael and Correggio, unless the shape of their frame give them a title to a more honourable place, are (Nos. 586, 578) thrust in the dark, nineteen or twenty feet above your head.

There is unfortunately little hope of remedying the evil complained of; for even were the mal-arrangement to be acknowledged by those in authority, and an inclination shown to make a change, the alteration would be prevented by the great expense which it would entail. The walls of the Pinakothek, it must be remembered, are hung with rich damask. Now, in order to spare as much as possible, the wall behind each picture was left bare, by which means a very considerable number of yards of silk arras was saved. It is impossible, therefore, to move a single picture from its place, as beneath it is a square hole in the damask hanging.

That a gallery like that of Munich should have on its walls pictures which are notoriously not genuine, is discreditable both to the taste and the knowledge of the directors of the institution. We are not surprised to find daubs in Wardour Street labelled with a fine-sounding name, but we have a different judgment for such proceeding when we find it in a celebrated collection, and in a town, too, that owes its reputation solely to the works of Art collected there. We see here, for example, four pictures by Massaccio, while it is well known that there are but two in existence—at Florence and at Rome.* We have, too, a Paulo Ucello, yet since three hundred years not a picture by this master has been seen. There are also six Giotto's, although it happens that there are not as many in the whole world.† There are two Leonardo da Vinci's, and five Correggio's. Of these latter some are such frightful abominations, that any student in the painting school of

the Royal Academy would feel himself insulted were it said they were his handiwork. Yet these remain here year after year, in spite of the light which in the last twenty years has been thrown on ancient Art, for into this building not a single ray is ever allowed to penetrate.

All this seems very strange as occurring at Munich, the Art-city *par excellence*. But just as a man may be better than his reputation, so too a name is often obtained wholly without desert. As a proof of the state of knowledge of ancient Art among "the authorities" of Munich, professors of the Academy, and others, we may state the following:—About ten years ago a general clearance was made at the Royal Castle at Schleisheim, close to Munich, of the so-called lumber-room, where pictures were deposited looked upon as valueless. A commission consisting of Academicians and others was appointed to examine the pictures, and to see that nothing really worth keeping was disposed of. The sale accordingly took place, and fetched something less than 10,000 florins. One picture was knocked down for 7 florins, which immediately after was sold by the lucky purchaser for 50 louis d'or. Amongst the "lumber" was a Holbein, a Lucca von Leyden, an Albert Durer, a Murillo. The Albert Durer in question is still in Munich, and its possessor asks for it 34,000 florins. Of the works thus disposed of under the eyes of the chosen commissioners for 10,000 florins, a portion was soon after re-sold by the fortunate possessors, and realised a sum of about 80,000 florins.

But this belongs to the past, and our care is only for the future. We ask of the Bavarian government that they bestir themselves in the matter, and that men be appointed to examine the pictures and rescue them from destruction. Not such a commission, however, do we want as directed the clearance at Schleisheim, consisting of know-nothings or do-nothings, but men who would zealously set about the work as about a labour of love; men, too, chosen for their knowledge and experience, and not on account of court influence or of royal favour.*

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE late additions to this collection are—portraits of Henry VIII. on copper, painter unknown; Charles II., Lely; Bishop Horsley, Lethbridge; Dr. Wolcott (Peter Pindar), Lethbridge; Bishop Burnet, Riley; Lord Chesterfield, Hoare; Richardson the novelist, Highmore; and Sir Richard Steele, Richardson. The portrait of Henry VIII. is a gem; it is worthy to hang by the side of the Van Eycks in the National Gallery. It is undoubtedly a portrait of Henry VIII., but more favourable than the full and bloated countenance so familiar to us, inasmuch that but for certain indisputable tokens the identity might almost be questioned. Charles II. is a life-sized head and bust, painted evidently not very long before his death. Lely has done his best to divest these features of the stamp of the drivelling trifler. Lethbridge's miniature of Peter Pindar looks slightly flown, but it is charmingly finished. Bishop Horsley, a miniature, also by the same painter, is not so favourable a subject. In Lord Chesterfield, Hoare could scarcely fail to catch the "fine gentleman" of the middle of the last century; he is of course in velvet and satin. The other portraits, Bishop Burnet, Richardson, and Sir Richard Steele, are common-place enough examples of oil portraiture. Every visit we pay to these rooms shows more and more the necessity of a new abiding-place for this rapidly-increasing collection. In the large room a row of portraits is now placed on the floor, and protected by a rail. The destination of these portraits depends upon the results of the Academy question, which will shortly be ventilated in the House of Commons. A very large collection of engraved portraits has been bequeathed by Mr. H. W. Martin, which is being arranged as the nucleus of a print department.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

MOST of the Government Schools of Art throughout the country have their annual meetings, for examination of the pupils and the distribution of prizes, in the spring and early summer months of the year. A considerable number of these meetings for the current year we have already reported; but there are others yet to be noticed. The examination of the Halifax School took place on the 8th of June, when Mr. Eyre Crowe, the inspector, congratulated Mr. Ryan, head master of the institution, on its prosperity, and awarded nineteen medals to the successful candidates, a considerable increase over those of the preceding years. Eight of the successful drawings were selected for national competition at South Kensington. We may remark, as a novelty in the course of instruction ordinarily pursued in Government Schools of Art, that in this instance awards were made for designs as applied to manufacture and architecture. This is a step in the right direction which we are glad to see.—The pupils of the Lancaster School were examined on June 3rd by Mr. R. G. Wyld, who expressed his approval of the progress made by the students, and of the efficient manner in which their studies are conducted.—The Leeds School, in connection with which are branches at Holbeck and Keighley, was visited early in June, when the pupils in the first-mentioned obtained twenty-nine medals, nine drawings being also selected for national competition; the Holbeck School six medals, and one drawing selected for national competition; and the Keighley School also six medals, and two drawings for the competition.—At Preston the examination took place on the 5th of June, when seventeen medals were awarded by Mr. Wyld.

EDINBURGH.—The Council of the Royal Scottish Academy contemplates opening an exhibition of pictures by Scottish artists during the approaching congress, in Edinburgh, of the National Social Science Association.

GLASGOW.—A monument of unique design has recently been placed in the cathedral of this city to the memory of Lieut. Robert Burn Anderson, of the Bombay army and "Hodson's Horse," who died in China in 1860. On a horizontal slab of marble rest the warrior's arms and accoutrements—that is, his sword, cuirass, helmet, &c.—most artistically grouped; the helmet, surmounted by a small vase of flowers, forms the apex of the composition, while over the whole of the back part is thrown a military cloak, whose graceful folds are partially brought forward to cover the slab lengthways. A laurel-wreath, through which a ribbon whereon appears the motto "Stand Sure" is entwined, forms an appropriate and expressive adjunct to the composition. It was designed and modelled by Mr. Robert Jackson, of London, the able assistant of the late Mr. John Thomas, who executed the chief ornamental sculptures of the Houses of Parliament. The monument itself is in bronze, executed at the foundry of Messrs. Elkington, of Birmingham.

COLCHESTER.—A love of Art must certainly be diffusing itself through the country, when we see quiet rural towns like Colchester—and Reigate, as we noticed a short time ago—getting up an exhibition of paintings and other objects of Art. Such a collection was opened, towards the end of June, in the former of these places, at the Town-Hall, where about five hundred pictures, drawings, and engravings were hung; these works were chiefly contributed by their owners, the gentry of the locality. Carvings, old plate, and china, with numerous modern specimens, armour, warlike weapons, tapestries, &c., added greatly to the variety and interest of the exhibition, which had its origin, we hear, in the Colchester Literary Institution.

LYNDHURST.—Mr. F. Leighton is, we hear, engaged upon a large fresco as an altar-piece for the church in this pretty little town of Hampshire. The picture, which will be in three compartments, represents the Wise and Foolish Virgins.

WINDSOR.—The great East Window of St. George's Chapel is being filled with stained glass by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, and will be dedicated, by an inscription, to the memory of the late Prince Consort. The window has fifteen lights in width, and is four tiers in height. The subjects of the glass paintings embrace both religious and secular topics. The Wolsey Chapel, adjoining St. George's, is to be restored and decorated in a sumptuous manner, in memory of the Prince, and at the cost of the royal children. The roof will be elaborately decorated with mosaic work, designed by Dr. Salviati, of Venice, and the windows filled with stained glass. It is estimated that about £25,000 will be spent on the embellishments of this little chapel.

* In Paris is one, but doubts are entertained of its authenticity.
† Our correspondent surely is mistaken in this assertion.—[Ed. A.-J.]

* This paper was in type for last month's publication, but want of space compelled its postponement. We have since heard that a commission of inquiry has been named; with what result remains to be seen.—[Ed. A.-J.]

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF GROTESQUE IN ART.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER VII.—Caricatures of domestic life.—State of domestic life in the middle ages.—Examples of domestic caricature from the carvings of the misericordes.—Kitchen scenes.—Domestic brawls.—The fight for the breeches.—The judicial duel between man and wife as allowed and regulated by the old German customs.

Among the most popular subjects of satire during the middle ages, were domestic scenes. Domestic life at that period appears to have been in its general character coarse, turbulent, and, we should say, anything but happy. In all its points of view, it presented abundant subjects for jest and burlesque. There can be little room for doubt that the Romish Church, as it existed in the middle ages, was extremely hostile to domestic happiness among the middle and lower classes, and that the interference of the priest in the family was only a source of domestic trouble. The satirical writings of the period, the popular tales, the discourses of those who sought reform, even the pictures in the manuscripts and the sculptures on the walls, invariably represent the female portion of the family as entirely under the influence of the priests, and that influence as exercised for the worst of purposes. They encouraged faithlessness as well as disobedience in wives, and undermined the virtue of daughters, and were consequently regarded with anything but kindly feeling by the male portion of the population. The priest, the wife, and the husband, form the usual leading characters in a mediæval farce. Subjects of this kind are not very unfrequent in the illumination of manuscripts, and more especially in the sculptures of buildings, and those chiefly ecclesiastical, in which monks or priests are introduced in very equivocal situations. This part of the subject, however, is one into which we shall not venture on an occasion like this, the more so, as we find the mediæval caricaturists



Fig. 1.—THE LADY AND HER CAT.

drawing plenty of materials from the less vicious shades of contemporary life; and, in fact, some of their most amusing pictures are taken from the droll, rather than from the vicious, scenes of the interior of the household. Such scenes are very frequent on the misericordes of the old cathedrals and collegiate churches. Thus, in the stalls at Worcester Cathedral there is a droll figure of a man seated before a fire in a kitchen well stored with fitches of bacon, he himself occupied in attending to the boiling pot, while he warms his feet, for which purpose he has taken off his shoes. In a similar carving in Hereford Cathedral, a man, also in the kitchen, is seen attempting to take liberties with the cook maid, who throws a platter at his head. In Minster Church in the Isle of Thanet, a misericorde represents an old lady seated, occupied industriously in spinning, and accompanied by her cats. Engravings of these three subjects are given in my "History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments," but a very great number of similar subjects may be collected from the numerous monuments of this kind still preserved.

Our cut annexed (No. 1), taken from one of the stalls of Winchester Cathedral, may serve as

another example. It seems to be intended to represent a witch riding away upon her cat, an enormous animal, whose jovial look is only outdone by that of its mistress. The latter has carried her distaff with her, and is diligently employed in spinning. A stall in Sherborne Minster represents a scene in a school, in which an unfortunate scholar is experiencing punishment of a rather severe description, to the great alarm of his companions, on whom his disgrace is evidently acting as a warning. The flogging scene at school appears to have been rather a favourite subject among the early caricaturists, for the scourge was looked upon in the middle ages as the grand stimulant to scholarship. An extensive field for the study of this interesting part of our subject will be found in the architectural gallery in the Kensington Museum, which contains a large number of casts from stalls and other sculptures, chiefly selected from the French cathedrals. One of these, engraved in our cut No. 2, represents a couple of females, seated before the kitchen fire. The date of this sculpture is stated to be 1382. To judge by their looks and attitude, there is disagreement between them, and the object in dispute seems to be a piece of meat, which one has taken out of the pot and placed on a dish. This lady wields her ladle as though she were prepared to use it as a weapon, while her opponent is armed with the bellows. A correspondent has kindly furnished us with a drawing from a stall in the church of Wellingborough, in Northamptonshire, the subject of which is an ale-wife pouring out her ale to a rustic, who stands by in a state of highly gratified expectation, which contrasts with the indifference that characterises the countenance of the taverness. Like many of these stalls, it is drawn with great artistic spirit. But the ale-pot was more frequently the subject of pictures of a turbulent character, and the peacefulness of the Wellingborough ale-house scene is rather an exception to the rule. Among the grotesque and monstrous figures in the margins of the noble manuscript of the fourteenth century, known as the Luttrell Psalter, one represents two personages not only quarrelling over their pots, which they appear to have emptied, but actually fighting with them. One of them has literally broken his pot over his companion's head. This scene is copied in our cut No. 3.

It must be stated, however, that the more

common subjects of these homely scenes are domestic quarrels, and that the man, or his wife, enjoying their fireside, or similar bits of domestic comfort, only make their appearance at rare intervals. Domestic quarrels and combats are much more frequent. We have already seen, in the cut No. 2, two dames of the kitchen evidently beginning to quarrel over their cookery. A stall in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon gives us the group represented in our cut No. 4. The battle has here become desperate, but whether the male combatant be an oppressed husband or an impertinent intruder, is not clear. The quarrel would seem to have arisen during the process of cooking, as the female, who has seized her opponent by the beard, has evidently snatched up



Fig. 2.—A POINT IN DISPUTE.

the ladle as the readiest weapon. The anger appears to be mainly on her side, and the rather tame countenance of her antagonist contrasts strangely with her inflamed features. Our next cut, No. 5, is taken from the sculpture of a column in Ely Cathedral, here copied from an engraving in Carter's "Specimens of Ancient Sculpture." A man and wife, apparently, are struggling for the possession of a staff, which is perhaps intended to be the emblem of mastery. As is generally represented to be the case in these scenes of domestic strife, the woman shows more energy and more strength than her opponent, and she is evidently overcoming him. The mastery of the wife over the husband seems to have been



Fig. 3.—WANT OF HARMONY OVER THE POT.

a universally acknowledged state of things. A stall in Sherborne Minster, in Dorset, which has furnished the subject of our cut No. 6, might almost be taken as the sequel of the last cut. The lady has possessed herself of the staff, has overthrown her husband, and is even striking him on the head with it when he is down. In our next cut, No. 7, which is taken from one of the casts of stalls in the French cathedrals in the Kensington Museum, it is not quite clear which of the two is the offender, but perhaps, in this case, the archer, as his profession is indicated by his bow and arrows, has made a gallant assault, which, although she does not look much displeased at it, the offended dame certainly resists with spirit.

One idea connected with this picture of domestic antagonism appears to have been very popular from a rather early period. There is a proverbial phrase to signify that the wife is master in the household, by which it is intimated that "she wears the breeches." The phrase is, it must be confessed, an odd one, and is only half understood by modern explanations; but in mediæval story we learn how "she" first put in her claim to wear this particular article of dress, how it was first disputed and contested, how she was at times defeated, but how as a general rule the claim was enforced. There was a French poet of the thirteenth century, Hugues Piaucelles, two of whose *fabliaux*, or metrical tales, entitled the "*Fabliau*

d'Estourmi," and the "Fabliau de Sire Hains et de Dame Anieuse," are preserved in manuscript, and have been printed in the collection of Barbazan. The second of these relates some of the adventures of a mediæval couple, whose household was not the best regulated in the world. The name of the heroine of this story, Anieuse, is simply an old form of the French word *ennuyeuse*, and certainly dame Anieuse was sufficiently "ennuyeuse" to her lord and husband. "Sire Hains," her husband, was, it appears, a maker of "cottes" and mantles, and we should judge also, by the point on which the quarrel turned, that he was partial to a good dinner. Dame Anieuse was of that disagreeable temper, that whenever Sire Hains told her of some particularly nice thing which he wished her to buy for his meal,



Fig. 4.—DOMESTIC STRIFE.

she bought instead something which she knew was disagreeable to him. If he ordered boiled meat, she invariably roasted it, and further contrived that it should be so covered with cinders and ashes that he could not eat it. This would show that people in the middle ages (except, perhaps, professional cooks) were very unapt at roasting meat. This state of things had gone on for some time, when one day Sire Hains gave orders to his wife to buy him fish for his dinner. The disobedient wife, instead of buying fish, provided nothing for his meal but a dish of spinage, telling him falsely that all the fish



Fig. 5.—A STRUGGLE FOR THE MASTERY.

stank. This leads to a violent quarrel, in which, after some fierce wrangling, especially on the part of the lady, Sire Hains proposes to decide their difference in a novel manner. "Early in the morning," he said, "I will take off my breeches and lay them down in the middle of the court, and the one who can win them shall be acknowledged to be master or mistress of the house."

"Le matin, sans contredire,
Voudrai mes braves deschaucier.
Et enmi nostre cort couchier;
Et qui conquerre les porra,
Par bonne raison monsterra
Qu'il est sire ou dame du nostre."
Barbazan, *Fabliaux*, tome iii., p. 383.

Dame Anieuse accepted the challenge with

eagerness, and each prepared for the struggle. After due preparation, two neighbours, friend Symon and Dame Aupaïs, having been called in as witnesses, and the object of dispute, the breeches, having been placed on the pavement of the court, the battle began, with some slight parody on the formalities of the judicial combat. The first blow was given by the dame, who was so eager for the fray that she struck her husband before he had put himself on his guard; and the war of tongues, in which at least Dame Anieuse had the best of it, went on at the same time as the other battle. Sire Hains ventured a slight expostulation on her eagerness for the fray, in answer to which she only threw in his teeth a fierce defiance to do his worst. Provoked at this, Sire Hains struck at her, and hit her over the eyebrows, so effectively, that the skin was discoloured; and, overconfident in the effect of this first blow, he began rather too soon to exult over his wife's defeat. But Dame Anieuse was less disconcerted than he expected, and recovering quickly from the effect of the blow, she turned upon him and struck him on the same part of his face with such force, that she nearly knocked him over the sheepfold. Dame Anieuse, in her turn, now sneered over him, and while he was recovering from his confusion, her eyes fell upon the object of contention, and she rushed to it, and laid her hands upon it to carry it away. This movement roused Sire Hains, who instantly seized another part of the article of his dress of which he was thus in danger of being deprived, and began a struggle for possession, in which the said article underwent considerable dilapidation, and fragments of it were scattered over the court. In the midst of this struggle the actual fight recommenced, by the husband giving his wife so heavy a blow on the teeth that her mouth was filled with blood. The effect was such that Sire Hains already reckoned on the victory, and proclaimed himself lord of the breeches.

"Hains fiert sa fame enmi les dens
Tel cop, que la bouche dedenz
Li a toute emple de sancz.
'Tien ore,' dist Sire Hains, 'anc,
Je cuit que je t'ai bien atainte,
Or t'ai-je de deux colors tainte—
J'aurai les braies toutes voies.'"

But the immediate effect on Dame Anieuse was only to render her more desperate. She quitted her hold on the disputed garment, and fell upon her husband with such a shower of blows that he hardly knew which way to turn. She was thus, however, unconsciously exhausting herself, and Sire Hains soon recovered. The battle now became fiercer than ever, and the lady seemed to be gaining the upper hand, when Sire Hains gave her a skilful blow in the ribs, which nearly broke one of them, and considerably checked her ardour. Friend Symon here interposed, with the praiseworthy aim of restoring peace before farther harm might be done, but in vain, for the lady was only rendered more obstinate by her mishap; and he agreed that it was useless to interfere until one had got a more decided advantage over the other. The fight therefore went on, the two combatants having now seized each other by the hair of the head, a mode of combat in which the advantages were rather on the side of the male. At this moment, one of the judges, Dame Aupaïs, sympathising too much with Dame Anieuse, ventured some words of encouragement, which drew upon her a severe rebuke from her colleague, Symon, who intimated that if she interfered again there might be two pairs of combatants instead of one. Meanwhile Dame Anieuse was becoming exhausted, and was evidently getting the worst of the contest, until at length, staggering from a vigorous push, she fell back into a large basket which lay behind her. Sire Hains stood over her exultingly, and Symon, as umpire, pronounced him victorious. He thereupon took possession of the disputed article of raiment, and again invested himself with it, while the lady accepted faithfully the conditions imposed upon her, and we are assured by the poet that she was a good and obedient wife during the rest of her life. In this story, which affords a curious picture of mediæval life, we learn the origin of the proverb relating to the possession and wearing of the breeches. Hugues Piaucelles concludes his *fabliau* by recommending every man, who has a

disobedient wife to treat her in the same manner; and mediæval husbands appear to have followed his advice, without fear of laws against the ill-treatment of women.

A subject like this was well fitted for the burlesques on the stalls, and accordingly we find on one of those in the cathedral at Rouen the group given in our cut No. 8, which seems to represent the part of the story in which both combatants seize hold of the disputed garment,



Fig. 6.—THE WIFE IN THE ASCENDANT.

and struggle for possession of it. The husband here grasps a knife in his hand, with which he seems to be threatening to cut it to pieces rather than give it up. The *fabliau* gives the victory to the husband; but the wife was generally considered as in a majority of cases carrying off the prize. In an extremely rare engraving by the Flemish artist, Van Meeklen, dated in 1480, the lady, while putting on the breeches, of which she



Fig. 7.—VIOLENCE RESISTED.

has just become possessed, shows an inclination to lord it rather tyrannically over her other half, whom she has condemned to perform the domestic drudgery of the mansion.

In Germany, where there was still more roughness in mediæval life, what was told in England and France as a good story of domestic doings, was actually carried into practice under the authority of the laws. The judicial duel was



Fig. 8.—THE FIGHT FOR THE BREECHES.

there adopted by the legal authorities as a mode of settling the differences between husband and wife. Curious particulars on this subject are given in an interesting paper entitled "Some observations on Judicial Duels as practised in Germany," published in the twenty-ninth volume of the *Archæologia of the Society of Antiquaries* (p. 348). They are chiefly taken from a volume of directions, accompanied with drawings, for the various modes of attack and defence, compiled

by Paulus Kall, a celebrated teacher of defence at the court of Bavaria about the year 1400. Among these drawings we have one representing the mode of combat between husband and wife. The only weapon allowed the female, but that a very formidable one, was, according to these directions, a heavy stone wrapped up in an elongation of her chemise, while her opponent had only a short staff, and he was placed up to the waist in a pit formed in the ground. The following is a literal translation of the directions given in the manuscript:—"The woman must be so prepared, that a sleeve of her chemise extend a small ell beyond her hand, like a little sack; there, indeed, is put a stone weighing three pounds; and she has nothing else but her chemise, and that is bound together between the legs with a lace. Then the man makes himself ready in the pit over against his wife. He is buried therein up to the girdle, and one hand is bound at the elbow to the side." At this time the practice of such combats in Germany seems to have been long known, for it is stated that in the year 1200 a man and his wife fought under the sanction of the civic authorities at Bale, in Switzerland. In a picture of a combat between man and wife, from a manuscript resembling that of Paulus Kall, but executed nearly a century later, the man is placed in a tub instead of a pit, with his left arm tied to his side as before, and his right holding a short heavy staff; while the woman is dressed, and not stripped to the chemise, as in the former case. The man appears to be holding the stick in such a manner that the sling in which the stone was contained would twist round it, and the woman would thus be at the mercy of her opponent. In an ancient manuscript on the science of defence in the library at Gotha, the man in the tub is represented as the conqueror of his wife, having thus dragged her head-foremost into the tub, where she appears with her legs kicking up in the air.

This was the orthodox mode of combat between man and wife, but it was sometimes practised under more sanguinary forms. In one picture given from these old books on the science of defence by the writer of the paper on the subject in the *Archæologia*, the two combatants, naked down to the waist, are represented fighting with sharp knives, and inflicting upon each other's bodies frightful gashes.

PICTURE SALES.

For the last three or four years we do not remember so busy a season in the picture auction-rooms as this has been. Several sales took place in the month of June which we had not space to notice in our last number, and others in the month following.

On the 12th and 13th of June Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods dispersed the collection of ancient works, chiefly Italian, formed by the late Rev. W. D. Bromley, of Wootton Hall and Grosvenor Street. It included examples of some of the earliest painters, and the sale attracted much interest among those collectors who still give the preference to the productions of a long by-gone age. The majority of the pictures, however, were knocked down at comparatively small sums, and we record them for the purpose of showing the estimated value of such works. The number offered for sale was 173; the principal paintings being:—'Virgin and Child,' A. Baldovinetti, 23 gs. (Earl of Southesk); 'The Wise Men's Journey to Bethlehem,' Gentile Fabriano, 23 gs. (Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P.); 'Portrait of a Venetian Nobleman,' Paris Bordone, from the Fesch collection, 58 gs. (Van Cuycke); 'The Annunciation,' Vincenzo Pagani, 105 gs. (Lord Ashburton); 'Virgin and Child,' P. Lorenzetti, 30 gs. (Sir Walter Farquhar); 'St. Joseph,' Signorelli, 30 gs. (Lord Ashburton); 'The Adoration of the Magi,' Pinturicchio, from Mr. Dennistoun's collection, 35 gs. (Anthony); 'The Crucifixion,' Ducio di Buon Insegna, from the collection of M. de Bannerville, 250 gs. (Anthony); a small dyptych—two panels of Saints on gold ground, in one frame—St. James the Great, St. Roche, St. Francis, and St. George, by Simone Memmi,

from the collection of Mr. Dawson Turner, £51 (Anthony); 'Cupid and Psyche,' two pictures by Filippo Lippi, from the Fesch collection, 109 gs. (Rae); 'Christ on the Mount of Olives,' Giovanni Bellini, 600 gs.—this is one of the pictures bought at this sale by Sir C. L. Eastlake for the National Gallery, as we stated last month; 'Virgin and Child,' with two angels, Pietro Alamanni, 41 gs. (Earl of Southesk); 'St. George,' Crivelli, 104 gs. (Farrer); 'St. James the Elder,' 'St. Dominic,' 'St. Nicholas,' three paintings also by Crivelli, 127 gs. (Goldsmith)—these four were in the Fesch collection; 'A Triumphal Procession,' celebrating the return of Lorenzo di Medici to Florence, 165 gs.; and the companion picture, containing portraits of celebrated contemporaries, Pietro di Cosimo, 150 gs.—both from Mr. Woodburn's collection, and both purchased by Messrs. Colnaghi; 'Virgin and Child,' B. Luini, from the Northwick gallery, 75 gs. (Colnaghi); 'Virgin and Child,' and St. John, with two angels in a garden, Filippo Lippi, from Lord Orford's collection, 243 gs. (Bale); 'Virgin and Child,' and St. Elizabeth, Francesco Penni, from the Solty collection, 167 gs. (Holloway); 'St. Ursula,' and 'A Youthful Saint,' both by Simone Memmi, and formerly in the Ottley collection—the first was bought by Baron Marchetti for 113 gs., the second by Lord Ashburton for 81 gs.; 'Venus holding a Garland of Roses,' S. Botticelli, 150 gs. (Lord Ashburton); 'Virgin and Child,' in a landscape wherein the Lake of Como and the Alps are introduced, painted at Milan by Leonardo da Vinci, 490 gs. (Goldsmith); 'The Angels appearing to the Shepherds,' Velasquez, from the collection of Louis Philippe, 215 gs. (Lord Ashburton); 'Virgin and Child,' J. B. Correggiano, 50 gs. (Ensom); 'Virgin with the Infant, St. Peter and St. Paul,' Giulio di Amendola, from the Fesch collection, 35 gs. (Watson); 'Virgin and Child,' surrounded by five youthful Saints, S. Botticelli, from the Fesch gallery, and considered the gem of the first day's sale, 750 gs. (Lord Ashburton); 'The Crucifixion,' a large altar-piece, by B. Oragna, 61 gs. (Goldsmith).

The second day's sale included:—'La Belle Isabella,' daughter of Henry II. of Spain, Antonio More, from the Fesch collection, 140 gs. (Farrer); 'Divine and Heathen Love,' in a splendid landscape, Palma Vecchio, formerly in the respective galleries of Count D'Aguilar and King Louis Philippe, 420 gs. (Seymour); 'Landscape,' with a lake, ruins, and figures, R. Wilson, R.A., 295 gs. (Holloway); 'The Coronation of the Virgin,' Giotto, from the Fesch gallery, 195 gs. (Parry); 'The Crucifixion,' Le Spagna, from the Fesch gallery, 340 gs. (Seymour); 'Portrait of Sannazaro,' Andrea del Sarto, 275 gs. (Holloway); 'The Adoration of the Kings,' Bartolomeo Suardi, called Il Bramantino, from the Fesch collection, 121 gs. (Sir C. L. Eastlake, for the National Gallery); 'The Virgin Enthroned,' Palmezzano da Forlì, from the Fesch collection, 320 gs. (Mulvaney, for the Dublin National Gallery); 'The Virgin and Child,' A. Botiaffio, formerly in the Northwick gallery, where it was assumed to be by Verrocchio, 440 gs. (Sir C. L. Eastlake, for the National Gallery)—the late owner gave 230 gs. for it; 'The Ascension of the Virgin,' G. Cotignola, an altar-piece, formerly in the Solty collection, 104 gs. (Lord Ashburton); 'The Trojan Horse brought into the City,' and 'The Death of Hector,' B. Pinturicchio, both from Mr. Woodburn's collection, 110 gs. (Colnaghi); 'Portrait of La Simonetta,' now attributed to Filippino Lippi, when in Mr. Rogers's collection stated to be by Verrocchio—Dr. Waagen considers it to be by Pollajuolo—460 gs. (Barker); 'The Virgin and Child,' S. Botticelli, from Mr. Solty's collection, 230 gs. (Martin); 'The Virgin and Child,' Leonardo da Vinci, from the Northwick gallery, at the sale of which it realised only 15 gs., but on this occasion rose to 140 gs. (Hebeler); 'Venus,' S. Botticelli, 100 gs. (Lord Ashburton); 'The Holy Trinity,' P. Perelli, a master whose works are extremely rare, 2,000 gs. (Sir C. L. Eastlake, for the National Gallery); 'Our Saviour receiving the Soul of the Virgin,'—among the figures introduced are those of St. Joseph, St. John, and numerous saints and angels—the picture, which was formerly in Cardinal Fesch's gallery and was exhibited at the British Institution in 1857, has the reputation of being Giotto's masterpiece,

950 gs. (Martin). The total amount realised by the two days' sale was £13,958.

Mr. Charles Pemberton, of Beech Mount, Liverpool, sold off his collection of water-colour pictures in 1858, and in the following year a portion of his oil-paintings. Two or three of the latter must have been bought in, as we find them among the remainder of this gentleman's collection disposed of by Messrs. Foster, at their rooms in Pall Mall, on the 17th of June. Seventy-four modern pictures, chiefly by British artists, were then submitted for sale; the principal being:—'Brig and Vessels off a Harbour,' G. Chambers, 51 gs. (Wallis); 'Oh! 'tis merry in the Hall,' G. Douglas, R.S.A., 51 gs. (Agnew); 'Cattle Reposing,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 54 gs. (Cording); 'Draught Players,' F. D. Hardy, a little gem, 76 gs. (Hayward); 'View near Dedham,' J. Constable, R.A., a large picture, but little more than a sketch, powerful in colour, 165 gs. (Cox); 'Calais Harbour,' J. Wilson, Jun., 38 gs. (Vokins); 'Snowden, from Capel Curig,' J. B. Pyne, 52 gs. (Agnew); 'The Morning after a Wreck,' A. G. Vickers, 45 gs. (Agnew); 'On the Mediterranean Coast,' J. B. Pyne, 53 gs. (Vokins); 'Boulders—a Scene in Wales,' W. Müller, 77 gs. (White); 'The Garden of Gethsemane,' J. Linnell, small cabinet size, 71 gs. (Vokins); 'Fruit,' T. Grönlund, large, 68 gs. (Wallis); 'Bursting of the Mill Dam, Cheddar, Gloucestershire,' J. B. Pyne, 105 gs. (Agnew); 'Rustic Fidelity,' A. Johnston, 65 gs. (Fitzpatrick); 'Landscape—Morning,' P. Nasmyth, 152 gs. (Vokins); 'Landscape—Evening,' its companion, 91 gs. (Pool); 'Captive Greeks,' J. R. Herbert, 221 gs. (Gambart)—this is a large gallery picture, and, if we are not mistaken, was formerly in the possession of Mr. Charles Meigh, of Shelton, who sold it in 1850, when a large part of his collection was dispersed, for 210 gs.; 'Amalfi, in the Bay of Salerno,' J. B. Pyne, 129 gs. (H. L. Jones)—it was bought in, in 1850, for 137 gs.; 'Landscape—Evening,' J. Linnell, sen., a grand work, 421 gs. (Agnew); 'Honfleur,' E. Isabey, 95 gs. (Pool); 'The Burial of Charles I., A. Johnston, 165 gs. (Wallis); 'Landscape,' Müller, 160 gs. (Crofts); 'Coast Scene,' W. Collins, R.A., 180 gs. (Vokins); 'Landscape,' known as 'The Leaping Horse,' J. Constable, R.A., 365 gs. (White); 'Cattle—a Summer's Day,' T. S. Cooper, 380 gs. (Wallis); 'Venus and Cupid,' Etty, 75 gs. (Cox); 'Una with the Wood Nymphs,' F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., 185 gs. (Hooper); 'Stag-Hunting in the Olden Time,' R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 150 gs. (Hooper); 'Landscape—David and Saul,' J. Linnell, £336 (Pennell)—bought in, in 1859, for 210 gs. The whole amount realised by this collection was £5,107 4s.

The late Mr. John Allnutt, of Clapham Common, began to collect many years ago, at a time when the art and mystery of picture-buying was not so well understood by amateurs as it is at present. As a result, he had got together a large number of oil-paintings, both by old and modern artists, the majority of which were of little value, while a still larger number appeared to be in a most unsatisfactory condition. His collection of water-colour drawings was, on the contrary, very good; it contained numerous fine examples of many of the earlier masters of this branch of our national art. The whole, both paintings and drawings, numbering upwards of 500 specimens, were sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, on the 18th of June and two following days. The drawings consisted of about 120 mounted for portfolios, and about 170 framed and glazed; the oil-pictures may be stated at rather more than 200.

The first day, and a part of the second, were devoted to the sale of the drawings. Of these we notice:—'A Lake Scene—Sunset,' G. Barrett, 100 gs. (Cox); 'Landscape, with Peasants and Cattle,' D. Cox, 71 gs. (White); 'Marine View, with Fishing-boats in a Breeze,' Bonington, £70 (Agnew); 'Landscape, with a Team of Horses—Sunset,' G. Barrett, £70 (Sale); 'Windsor Castle, from Virginia Water,' D. Cox, 165 gs. (Agnew); 'Loch Tay—Evening,' J. D. Harding, £53 10s. (Jones); 'The Farm—Sheep passing through a Gate under Pine-trees,' D. Cox, 53 gs. (Agnew); 'Scene on the French Coast, with Fishing-boats,' £103 (Cox); 'Distant View of Bolsover Castle—

Sunset, Copley Fielding, 60 gs. (Agnew); 'River Scene—Storm passing off,' Copley Fielding, 110 gs. (Agnew); 'A River, crossed by a Bridge,' J. M. W. Turner, stated to be the artist's diploma work on being admitted Associate of the Royal Academy, 385 gs. (Lord Ashburton); 'Classic Bay Scene, with Ruins,' G. Barrett, 95 gs. (Agnew); 'Malvern Hills, from near Hereford,' D. Cox, 145 gs. (Agnew); 'Leeds,' J. M. W. Turner—the drawing engraved in Turner's "England and Wales"—320 gs. (Vokins); 'Fish-Market on the Beach at Hastings,' J. Cristall, 106 gs. (Vokins); 'River Scene in Devonshire,' J. Glover, 17 gs.; 'Tivoli,' a capital copy, by D. Cox, of the celebrated drawing by Turner, 150 gs. (Wallis); 'An East-Indian,' S. Prout, a beautiful specimen, rich in colour, 215 gs. (Pocock); 'Windsor Castle, from the Thames,' D. Cox, a large and fine work, 245 gs. (Agnew); 'The Building of Carthage: Æneas and Achates,' D. Cox, a grand composition, and large in size, 260 gs. (Moore); 'A River in Devonshire,' P. Dewint, 125 gs. (Webb); 'Durham Cathedral, Castle, and City,' G. F. Robson, one of this artist's most important works, 270 gs. (Farrer); 'View over an extensive Valley,' D. Cox, 105 gs. (Agnew); 'River Scene, with a Rainbow,' P. Dewint, 325 gs. (Cox)—we remember this drawing when exhibited at the Water-Colour Society's gallery, and thought then, as we did when we again saw it in Messrs. Christie's rooms, that the rainbow did not improve the composition; considering the slightness of its execution and the size of the drawing, we are surprised at the sum it realised—unquestionably it was the dearest "lot" knocked down; 'Classical Landscape,' G. Barrett, 110 gs. (Crofts); 'An extensive Valley, with Sheep feeding near the Bank of a River,' &c., D. Cox, 410 gs. (Agnew)—this drawing, one of the artist's finest works, was engraved in the *Art-Journal* for 1860, where it accompanies a biographical notice of the painter; it is there called 'Meadows on the River Lugg, Herefordshire,' the locality it represents; 'Distant View of Fonthill Abbey—Morning,' J. M. W. Turner, 260 gs. (Webb); 'Distant View of Fonthill Abbey—Evening,' the companion, J. M. W. Turner, 100 gs. (Cox); 'Neapolitan Fishermen,' R. R. Reinagle, esteemed the artist's *chef-d'œuvre*, and in the International Exhibition of last year, 425 gs. (Atkins); 'Trial Scene from the *Merchant of Venice*,' G. Cattermole—a fine composition of numerous figures, 60 gs.; 'Solitude,' G. Barrett, 400 gs. (Cox)—this work, which is dated 1823, has always been regarded as the master-piece of this classic painter; 'The Embarkation of George IV., at Greenwich, for Scotland,' D. Cox, 200 gs. (Cox)—engraved in the *Art-Journal* for 1860; perhaps it is only right we should state here, that Mr. Cox, the purchaser of so many pictures in this sale and others, is not related to the artist of the same name; we mention this only to avoid any erroneous conclusions; 'Lake Scene—Sunset,' G. Barrett, 250 gs. (Cox); 'Tivoli,' J. M. W. Turner—the auctioneers' catalogue says, and truly, that this is "unquestionably the finest and most important picture in water-colours ever executed by the great master; it was made expressly for Mr. Allnutt, and was hung in the International Exhibition." After much competition it was knocked down to Lord Ashburton for the high sum of 1,800 gs.

At the close of this, the second day's sale, the copper-plate of the 'Tivoli' picture, engraved by E. Goodall, was sold, with a number of proofs in different states, and prints, for 400 guineas, to Messrs. Agnew.

The oil-pictures may be very briefly disposed of, few of them realising any considerable sums. The most important were:—'Landscape, with a Road across a Common,' &c., F. R. Lee, R.A., 120 gs. (Cox); 'Tivoli,' a fine copy, by W. Müller, of Turner's large drawing, 470 gs. (Cox)—Mr. Allnutt had the drawing copied both in oil and in water-colours, fearing that time or accident might damage the original. 'Landscape, with Sheep grazing,' &c., Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A., 310 gs. (Cox); 'Landscape—Effect of a passing Shower,' J. Constable, R.A., £103 (Cox)—a small picture, and so unlike this artist's usual style as to be scarcely recognisable; 'The Salmon Weir,' James Burnet, 155 gs. (Atkins)—there were several pictures by this artist in the

sale, and they certainly were among the best landscapes in the collection; 'A Woody Landscape,' Gainsborough, painted in emulation of Teniers, 225 gs. (Atkins); 'Ferry-boat in a Storm,' Giroux, 125 gs. (Cox); 'Celadon and Amelia,' R. Wilson, the figures by Mortimer, a picture well known through Woollett's engraving, 200 gs. (Cox); 'Sheep-washing,' Wilkie, a very early example, 120 gs. (Rought); 'Contemplation—Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Stanhope,' Reynolds,—this must originally have been an exquisitely beautiful picture, but its present condition is comparatively deplorable: the Earl of Normanton, however, had signified to Messrs. Christie his willingness to pay 1,000 guineas for it, and it was put up at that price, and became his lordship's property, no advance being made on the sum; 'Richmond Hill,' T. C. Holland—a large picture, considered the painter's *chef-d'œuvre*, in the International Exhibition last year, 205 gs. (J. Allnutt); 'Ino and Bacchus,' Reynolds, 265 gs. (Mainwaring); 'Landscape, with Cattle being driven over a wooden Bridge,' James Burnet, 50 gs.; 'The Virgin and Infant Christ,' Murillo, 730 gs. (F. Nieuwenhuys, of Paris); 'An elderly Lady in a black Silk Dress,' Rembrandt, a very fine portrait, 640 gs. (Nieuwenhuys); 'A Venetian Knight,' Giorgione, 465 gs. (Colnaghi); 'The Virgin in Glory,' Van Dyck, 160 gs. (Cockburn).

Mr. Allnutt's whole collection realised £19,295, or about one-fourth of that of the late Mr. Bicknell. With the exception of the pictures by Reynolds, and the old masters just mentioned, the most attractive portion of his gallery was the water-colour paintings; yet even these did not reach the sums given for Mr. Bicknell's, though many of them were quite equal in merit, and some far superior; take, for example, those by D. Cox, Barrett, Robson, Dewint, and Turner. The Herne Hill collection showed nothing equal to these. Moreover, there were small drawings by Prout in the more recent sale not a whit inferior to those in the former, and yet they did not realise sometimes one-quarter, sometimes one-sixth, of the price Mr. Bicknell's sold for. Such are the chances and changes of picture-selling. The truth being that many of the Allnutt collection went for as much, or more, under their value, as many of the other were disposed of above their value. For instance, Cattermole's 'Trial Scene,' a really fine specimen and a large work, only reached 60 guineas; Glover's 'River Scene in Devonshire,' another large and extremely clever drawing, only 17 guineas; James Burnet's pictures, too, are intrinsically worth far more than was paid for them; while Reynolds's 'Banished Lord,' a disagreeable picture undoubtedly, and in bad condition, got no higher than 13 guineas! One may well ask what, a century hence, will be given for works of Art which now it requires a little fortune to purchase?

Other subsequent sales have taken place, which we cannot this month find room to notice.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF WOOD CARVERS, AT THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

WHEN the Duke of Northumberland, a few years ago, resolved to restore the feudal baronial stronghold of the Percies, he knew well the right man to be entrusted with the duty and the responsibility of directing the necessary architectural works at Alnwick Castle; and, accordingly, Mr. Salvin established himself upon the Border, and under his able direction the fine old castle arose, as it might have arisen had some one of our early Henries kept his court in London. But when Mr. Salvin had restored Alnwick Castle, in the true spirit of the old Norman architecture, the restored edifice had to be fitted for the residence of an English nobleman whose lot had been cast in peaceful days, and whose towers, however massive their masonry, would not require to be equipped either for defence or defiance. Here, however, a difficulty arose; because, while men were to be found who knew how to

deal with the architecture of an early century, others were wanting who would be equally well qualified to produce architectural fittings in accordance with the feeling and the usage of their own day. So the duke brought over some wood carvers from Italy; and a small school of artist-workmen in this particular department of Art was formed and established under their guidance upon English ground, for the purpose of fitting up the restored Alnwick Castle of the twelfth century after the fashion of an Italian palazzo of six or seven hundred years later. Without now adverting to any of the many questions naturally arising from this singular combination of early Norman and late Italian Renaissance, we are content to remark that the Duke of Northumberland, when he had found his architect in England, considered that he had to search in Italy for his wood carvers—that is to say, for the masters who might teach and train Englishmen in the art of carving in wood. On the other hand, the late Sultan without hesitation looked towards London, when he required some wood carving for a new palace; and our old friend Mr. Rogers was commissioned to execute work that was to be fixed upon the shore of the Bosphorus. Mr. Rogers' commission was an honourable recognition of his well-known ability; but still, without a doubt, the Duke of Northumberland sought his wood carvers from Italy, because he felt that the art of wood carving did not stand upon very high ground in England.

The Society of Arts this year has taken a decided step in the right direction, in taking the charge of the exhibition of works that have been brought together for the purpose of submitting them to the public by the "Society of Wood Carvers" of London. This society has been formed to accomplish for England what the Duke of Northumberland accomplished for Alnwick Castle—only without the assistance of the Italian teachers from Rome; and we cordially give our support to an association that has so excellent an object in view. It is full time that this art of carving in wood should flourish amongst us, both as a true and a noble art and also as an art of our own. The exhibition, which was open during June at the house of the Society of Arts, very significantly declared what course the Society of Wood Carvers have to pursue. They must impress upon wood carvers the necessity of studying the art of wood carving—the necessity also of studying Art. Many of the works exhibited showed very great manipulative skill; and a certain power and freedom of hand combined with a delicacy and also a firmness of touch were by no means wanting. But, with rare exceptions, the exhibitors were but too evidently deficient in training as artists; there were only here and there signs of study, and evidences of that discipline without which a man may not hope to rise to eminence as an artist. We must press upon wood carvers the necessity of their aiming at eminence as artists.

We trust that, having shown so wise a discretion in taking under their patronage the Society of Wood Carvers, the Society of Arts will not be content with any half measures; but, on the contrary, that they will devote themselves in earnest to the furtherance of the views of the wood carvers, and to the vigorous development of their beautiful and useful art. With such support the Society of Wood Carvers may accomplish great things, and the more so, since the direction of the Society has happily fallen into good hands. We do not forget that this Society has not a dual supporter, ready and desirous to lead it onwards to complete success; but the Society of Arts possesses even a greater power; and we shall be content to know that the Society of Arts is determined that the Society of Wood Carvers should flourish, so that in time to come no English duke shall have occasion to seek for foreign wood carvers, or shall entrust to foreigners the instruction and the training of Englishmen in wood carving.

The recent exhibition consisted of seventy-six works, and its distinguishing characteristic was the circumstance that in its catalogue, in every instance, the full name of the actual carver of the wood was set forth, whether he had worked for some great firm, or solely on his own personal responsibility. And, having specified this in-

stance of the equally wise and just principle adopted by the Society of Wood Carvers, we have much pleasure in particularly directing attention to the manner in which the Messrs. Gillows, of Oxford Street, have supported the Society in this all-important matter. That eminent firm exhibits some clever and effective carving for furniture, in each instance specifying the name of the carver, with their own names as exhibitors; thus the men who deserve the honour and the reward of merit will be known, and they will be also known in connection with employers of the very highest order. We commend this honourable example to the thoughtful consideration of other great employers; and we may remind them, at the same time, that this act of justice to the actual artists and artist-workmen always redounds to the honour and the advantage of those by whom it is rendered. All the carvings exhibited by the Messrs. Gillows are worthy of commendation, the panel for a sideboard, executed by R. Flipping, being distinguished by excellence of a high order. As much may be said of the several contributions of Kendall, of Warwick, to whose great merits as a practised carver, and the employer of carvers, we have had frequent occasion to direct attention. It is unnecessary for us to dwell upon the skill with which Mr. W. Perry carves birds and foliage; several of these beautiful works were in the Exhibition. A panel, in walnut, of dead game with foliage, by Mr. Mark Rogers, deservedly obtained a first prize; it was ably conceived, modelled with thoughtful care, and carved with spirit and skill. Amongst the best of the other works we may specify a panel for a pilaster, by J. M. Leach, of Louth, another panel by W. Winfield, and an exquisite handle for a paper-knife by T. H. Kendall. These are the productions of student carvers, whose works bear the impress of their study. C. J. Herly has the solitary piece of Gothic carving; it shows how much the carver might gain by the study of Gothic Art. One other impression produced by this exhibition we may notice; it is, that the most ambitious works were, almost without exception, the least successful or satisfactory. In future exhibitions we hope to see ambition and excellence hand in hand.

The prizes were awarded thus:—

First Division: Human Figure in Alto or Bas Relief.—First prize of £8 and the society's silver medal, not awarded.

Second prize of £4 to James Meiklejohn, 29, William Street, Regent's Park, for 'Apollo playing to the Shepherds,' alto-relief, in oak.

Third prize of £3 to G. Rumford, 9, Eccleston Street, for 'The Rose Bud,' a child's head in limestone.

Second Division: Animal or Still Life.—First prize of £8 to Mark Rogers, 111, Tachbrook Street, Piccadilly, for a panel, in walnut wood, of dead game, in a wreath of oak, blackberry, fern, &c., intended for the decoration of dining-room, sideboard, or chimney-piece, modelled and carved by him.

Second prize of £4 to be divided between—Green and Charles Humphries, with honourable mention to T. H. Kendall, their employer, for 'Life and Death,' modelled by T. H. Kendall; executed by T. H. Kendall, Green, and Charles Humphries.

Third prize of £3 to W. Perry, 5, North Audley Street, Grosvenor Square, for the 'Willow-Wren' (property of Miss Burdett Coutts), 'Robin in the Oak' (box-wood), 'Thrush' (lime-tree), 'Nightingale and Hawthorn,' 'Sedge Warblers and Dragon Fly' (property of W. M. Coulthurst, Esq.).

Third Division: Natural Foliage, Fruit, or Flowers, or Conventional Ornament in which grotesque figures or animals may form accessories, preference being given where the work is of an applied character for ordinary decorative purposes, as representing commercial value.—

First prize of £8 to T. H. Baylis, 60, Judd Street, Brunswick Square, for his casket in box-wood.

Second prize of £4 to T. H. Kendall, of Warwick, for paper-knife, cello, and Christmas box.

Third prize of £3 to R. Flipping, for 'The fish and shell panels,' portions of sideboard exhibited by Messrs. Gillow & Co.

Two extra prizes are awarded by the Society of Arts, of £3 each, to J. M. Leach, of Louth, Lincolnshire, for a panel for the pilaster of a cabinet, designed and executed by him; and to C. J. Herly, of 2, Camden Place, South Street, Taunton, for a door panel, designed and executed by him.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA MINOR.

SARDIS.

SARDIS, the casket of "famed Gyges treasures," and the repository of all the wealth of Croesus, was the capital of the ancient kingdom of Lydia. Situate in the plain of the River Hermus, and sheltering itself under the protection of the snowy range of Mount Tmolus, Sardis may be described as having been the "half-way house" between Smyrna and Philadelphia. The modern name of the place is Sart. It is comprised in the Pashalic of Anadoli, and is distant from Smyrna about fifty miles. On leaving Smyrna, and penetrating into the country, the ruins of Sardis are the first remains of those ancient homes of civilisation which make Asia Minor so conspicuous on the pages of history. According to Strabo, the city was of more recent origin than the Trojan war. It owes its rise, according to Lydian chronology, to Gyges, though Gyges was only the founder of the third dynasty in Lydia, according to Herodotus. The people of the district in which Sardis is situated were called in the Iliad, *Mýones*, and were allies of the Trojans. Whether the Mæonians changed their title, and became afterwards known as Lydians, or whether they and the Lydians were distinct peoples, it needs not that we should here pause to consider. The latter opinion has been adopted by Niebuhr. As concerning the origin of the Lydian kingdom, however, of which Sardis was the capital, a very striking observation has been made by Hamilton, in his "Researches in Asia Minor;" and it is so curious and so interesting, that it may be desirable to reproduce it at present, in speaking of the country over which Sardis rose to be the metropolis. "It may be prefaced, that nearly all the works which the Greeks possessed, giving the history of Lydia, have perished, and that we derive our chief knowledge of the country from Herodotus. Mr. Hamilton says, "Lydia might be divested of many of the inconsistent fables with which it has been clothed by Herodotus." "I wished to have shown," he observes (Appendix I, note A, p. 383, vol. ii.), "that Manes, the first king of Lydia, was no other than Noah; that Lydus, the grandson of Manes, was Lud, the grandson of Noah; and particularly with regard to the much involved question of the Tyrrhenian emigration of the Lydians, that the whole account is a confused and perverted narrative, founded on the real emigration of another Tyrrhenus, viz., Abraham, the son of Terah, with the account of which, in the twelfth and thirteenth chapters of Genesis, the Lydian emigration coincides in every important respect."

How Mr. Hamilton might develop his theory it is impossible for us to conjecture. It suffices our present purpose to inform the general reader that so distinguished a man as the secretary to the Geological Society has propounded an opinion that the founder of the first Lydian dynasty was the patriarch Noah. How Mr. Hamilton would have disposed of the Noachian deluge, and the geographical traditions regarding Mount Ararat, is a question for the curious.

Turning to Herodotus, we are informed that Lydia was successively governed by three dynasties. The first, as he asserts, began with Lydus, the son of Atys. The second was the dynasty of the Heraclids, beginning about B.C. 1200, with Agron, and ending with Candaules. Herodotus connects this dynasty with the founder of Nineveh, and he may possibly mean that it was of direct Assyrian origin. The Heraclids remained in power for five hundred and five years. Then came the third, or Mermnad, dynasty, which is to us practically (and likely enough positively) the first Lydian race of rulers. This commences with Gyges, B.C. 718. Gyges is said to have murdered Candaules, and to have conquered the countries adjacent to the Hermus, extending his power even to the shores of the Hellespont. How much of truth or of myth there may be in the story which Herodotus tells of Gyges it is useless to inquire. Probably there is an immense superstructure of fiction on a small basis of fact. His name, however, still survives on the page of history, as the founder of the great dynasty of

Lydian kings, and in the lake which adjoins Sardis, called the Gygean Lake, his memory has been preserved in connection with the geography of Asia Minor.

As it will be necessary to refer to various kings of Sardis, in describing the ruins and remains, it may be well to introduce a table of Lydian chronology.

Gyges	B.C. 718
Ardyes	680
Sadyattes	681
Alyattes	619
Croesus	540
Alexander	334
Antiochus	314
The Romans	190

The two immediate successors of Gyges extended their kingdom slightly, without anything of great importance marking their reigns. Alyattes became a great warrior, and having conquered most of the Ionian cities, he pushed his conquests so far towards the East that he carried his dominion to the banks of the river Halys, and so reached the boundary territory of Cyaxeres, the Mede. This lust of empire conducted to the ultimate destruction of the Lydian dynasty. The imperial greatness of Alyattes is recalled to memory, even to the present hour, when the traveller in Asia Minor, approaching Sardis, sees before him the tomb of Alyattes—the stupendous tumulus, or mound, erected over his grave by the people of Sardis. To this we shall presently refer. Though the treasures of Gyges had made Sardis famous, it was not until the death of Alyattes that the greatest of all Lydian kings ascended the throne. His successor was the world-famous Croesus. Croesus extended his conquests so far as to embrace nearly the whole of Asia Minor. It was in his reign that Sardis reached the culminating point of its glory—a glory that in its ruins we must endeavour to recall. The ambition of the father of Croesus had unfortunately paved the way to his son's ruin. When two conquering nations push their frontiers forward, so as to come in contact, and are only divided by a narrow river, it needs little political foresight to predict that a collision must arise, and that the downfall of one or the other is imminent. The Persian on one bank of the Halys, and the Lydian on the other, could not long contemplate one another in peace and content. Conflict ensued; Croesus invaded the Medo-Persian empire, but was repulsed, pursued, and at length conquered by Cyrus in the plain before his own city of Sardis. Then Lydia became annexed to the Persian empire, and Sardis the residence of the Satraps.

Upon this Sardis of the time of Croesus the mind ponders, as it surveys those mouldering ruins which still remain, the memorials of the city of his pride, his wealth, and his downfall. When those ruins were princely structures, Solon walked among them. The *Zoographos* of Greece beheld the magnificence of the king, and congregated at his court. It was thence that the familiar story of the interview between Solon and Croesus was derived—a story the moral of which is so beautiful, that we are tempted to rebel against the irreconcilable and obdurate difficulties of dates, which compel Mr. Grote to regard the beautiful narrative of Herodotus as an "illustrative tale," "put together to convey an impressive moral lesson." Everyone would wish to believe the tale true, that Solon, seeing all the prosperity and magnificence of Croesus, on being asked who was the happiest man he had ever seen, should have warned the king of the precariousness of riches, and that no man is to be esteemed happy until he has terminated life without a reverse.

Πριν θ' ἂν τελευτήσῃ, ἐπισχέειν, μὴδ' ἐαλεῖν
Καὶ ὀλίγον, ἀλλ' ἐντυχία.

No words could have been more appropriately addressed to Croesus. His wealth and pride were his destruction; and the Delphic oracle told him, and told truly, that when he should march against the Persians he would overthrow a great empire. He overthrew his own!

We know that Croesus was subsequently attached to the Persian court, but of his ultimate fate we know nothing. In his downfall the

* The last Lydian king of the dynasty of the Mermnads.



THO' ALLOM. PINKY

E. BRANDARD. SCULPT

SARDIS.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF G. VIRTUE, ESQ.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.



glory of the Lydian kings departed, and from that moment the splendour of Sardis waned. Having passed into the possession of Darius, the Ionians, assisted by an Athenian force, having landed at Ephesus, and marched by the Cayster, across the Tmolus, made a sudden descent upon the city, and took it, though they were unable to gain possession of the Acropolis.

It was during this raid that a soldier set fire to a house, which swiftly spread, and soon enveloped the city in flames. It is most probable that in this fire the great temple perished. When Darius heard of the burning of the city, he shot an arrow into the air and vowed vengeance against the Athenians, a fact which singularly resembles the incident recorded in 2 Kings xiii. 15-17. That vow he was not destined to keep, but the oath of the father was bequeathed to his son, Xerxes, who made Sardis his winter-quarters when preparing for the memorable invasion of Greece, which occupied four years in elaborating, and in which Herodotus asserts that when Xerxes reached Thermopylae, he was followed by an army of two million men. The repulse which he there experienced from Leonidas and his gallant band is sufficiently familiar. His great calamity at the battle of Salamis (which Xerxes himself beheld from a seat on Mount Egaleos) was his crowning discomfiture, after which the Persian monarch retreated across the Hellespont, and returned to Sardis a humbled man. Sardis then became the home of revelry and of the basest amours of Xerxes, terminating in his murder. Subsequently, after the battle of the Granicus, it yielded without resistance to Alexander, who at once took possession both of the city and the Acropolis. At the death of Alexander it passed to the possession of Antigonus, and when he had been defeated at Ipsus, to the Seleucidae of Syria. Antiochus the Great besieged it, and obtained possession through one of his soldiers scaling the precipitous rock of the Acropolis where it was unguarded, and opening the gates to the besiegers, who had vainly invested the city for a whole year.

After the battle of Magnesia, in which Antiochus was defeated by the Romans, Sardis became part of the Roman territory. As such, and during the reign of Tiberius Caesar, it suffered frightfully from the too celebrated earthquake, which played havoc among the cities of Asia Minor in the time of Tiberius. As a Roman city we contemplate it at the time when St. John addressed it in the Book of Revelation, and such it continued down to the close of the Byzantine empire.

In the eleventh century the Turks took possession of it. In the thirteenth it suffered frightfully, and as a city was destroyed by Tamerlane. From that date, down to the present time, the historical Sardis is no more. Its site is called Sart. A Greek who keeps a mill upon the river which flows through it, is the only European in the place, and the "village" of Turks is difficult to discover.

Such is a hurried outline of the history of Sardis. It has been necessary to preface a description of the place by this sketch of its antecedents, since the great interest of what now remains of Sardis is particularly centred in its Lydian kings, Gyges, Alyattes, and Croesus.

On turning to the map of Asia Minor, it will be observed that a lengthened mountain chain extends eastward from behind Smyrna as far as the "Catakekaumene" beyond Philadelphia, bearing the title "Mount Tmolus." This range of mountains, in many parts capped with snow, runs from west to east, and upon its northern side looks down upon the spreading plain through which the Hermus flows. Upon the lowest spurs or mounds of the Tmolus, where it sinks with gentle slopes into the plain, stood Sardis—now stand its ruins. In the illustration accompanying this narrative, the peaks of Tmolus are seen in the southern distance. Behind the ruins a solitary hill lifts itself up, on which formerly stood the Acropolis. Viewed from the city side, as it is presented to us in the picture, it will be observed that its slopes are steep. On the opposite side, and looking towards the Tmolus, it is a precipitous rock of the most formidable character, and in that direction was considered by the ancients to be impregnable, although it so happens that on the two great occasions when Sardis was

taken, both Cyrus and Antiochus gained possession of it through the precipitous rock of the Acropolis being scaled, where it was left unprotected by the garrison, because it was considered that from that direction it was unapproachable.

Upon the summit of the Acropolis remains of the ancient triple line of fortifications still exist, which, although Byzantine, have no claim to Hellenic antiquity. In the "Voyage à Magnésie, à Thyatire, à Sardis," &c., par M. de Peyssonel (Paris, 1765), there are a series of rude but very interesting drawings of the remains in Sardis, as he beheld them; and among others, views of the Acropolis from the precipitous side, and of the interior of the fortifications on its summit. It is from this summit that a bird's-eye view of the situation of Sardis, and of the surrounding country, must be taken. It is like taking a view of Edinburgh and its neighbourhood from Arthur's Seat.

Behind us stretch the ranges of the Tmolus, one peak above another, the loftiest crested with snow. Through a luxuriant gorge in those mountains, and behind the Acropolis, a stream rushes from the heights, and winding at a little distance round the base of the Acropolis, flows down into the plain, losing itself eventually in the Hermus. This stream is the Pactolus, the classic Pactolus, beside whose golden waters Sophocles, in the *Philoctetes*, tells us that the goddess Cybele loved to dwell.

Ὅριστ' ἄρα παμύδα γὰ
Μᾶτερ αὐτὸν Διὸς
"Αὐτὸν μέγαν Πάκτωλόν εὐχρηστον νημεύς.

The great and famous temple of Sardis, dedicated to Cybele, stood upon the banks of the Pactolus, behind the Acropolis. There its ruins still stand, the west front rising above the river, the east nestling under the overhanging Acropolis. Following the course of the Pactolus (which was called "Golden," Πάκτωλόν εὐχρηστον, because in ancient days its bed was rich with golden nuggets, and served as a "digging" in the time of Croesus) as it winds round the base of the Acropolis, and flows northward across the plain, the eye wanders over one of the most picturesque scenes in Asia Minor. Beneath our feet, skirting the sides of the Pactolus, are the few and shattered remnants of the Lydian capital—the city that was identified with the exploits of Croesus, Cyrus, Xerxes, and Alexander.

On the slopes beneath us, whereon these ruins stand, we see the dwarf ilex and the arbutus flourishing; and a turn in the river near the Gerasia, or supposed palace of Croesus, brings back to memory the sides of the upper lake at Killarney. Looking across the plain, bounded by the Phrygian mountains, we see the Hermus winding through its centre, at the distance of between two and three miles from the site of Sardis; while beyond the river the Gygean lake glitters in the sun, encompassed about by a fringe of hills, and skirted with its own reeds and rushes. Near to it the eye rests upon a series of mounds, and in their midst a monster mound rises in solitary dignity. This is the Necropolis of Sardis. Those mounds are the tombs of her kings, and that ambitious tumulus, looking down upon all that surrounds it, is the grave of Alyattes. There it stood for Herodotus to see and to describe, and there the tomb of Alyattes, at the term of twenty-four centuries, still stands for the modern traveller to see and describe. On every side the rich tints of the brushwood, and the luxuriant green of the arbutus, give beauty and picturesque effect to the pinnacled rocks and the jagged sides of the hills, scarred and furrowed by the mountain torrents which have seamed their faces and ploughed their features with the wrinkles of time.

Sardis is in itself a very interesting evidence of the tremendous changes which are produced by the abrasions of mountain storms and rains. Of the walls upon the Acropolis the greater proportion have disappeared, their foundations having been undermined by the wear and tear of the weather; and not only walls, but rocks and crags have given way, so that it seems as if the Acropolis itself were subjected to gradual decline. So, again, with the site of the city. The soil, and rubble, and sand are washed away, and in many parts pieces of rock are left protruding from the ground, above which originally

was the level of the city. It is curious to observe upon these rocks in various places remains of ancient walls, or fragments of buildings, which now seem to be lifted into the air, but which, in reality, mark the ancient level of the city, that storm and torrent have literally washed away.

This spreading Lydian plain, in the midst of which Sardis sat a queen, wearing her Acropolis like a coronet over her head, was anciently called *Σαρδισίων πεδίον*. Of its picturesque beauty the reader is able to form some estimate by the description here attempted to be given of the plain as it now presents itself to the traveller's observation. But how splendid must it have been when the Temple of Cybele, with the most exquisite Ionic columns that ever were constructed, rose beside the golden Pactolus, and beneath the overhanging Acropolis; when that same stream flowed through the classic Agora, or market-place, and washed the walls of the stupendous palace, or Gerasia—the house of Croesus, where he displayed his wealth and splendour to the admiring Greeks; when the stadium and the theatre, constructed of marble, enriched the foot of the Acropolis upon the city side; and when the whole circuit of the capital was surrounded by walls so massive and stupendous that they were considered impregnable, and resisted a twelve months' siege of the troops of Antiochus! Here the Lydians taught the world to coin gold and silver; here, as a commercial people, they were the first to establish retail trade; here likewise the use of dice was first invented, beside many other games of hazard, which betokened a people labouring under a plethora of wealth. Now we look upon its ruins, picturesque indeed with thickets of tamarisk, and made vocal with the songs of the nightingale, but in their desolation realising the prophetic warning—"If, therefore, thou shalt not watch, I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee." Among the few remains that exist the most interesting are those of the Temple of Cybele, the Gerasia, the Acropolis, and, though it is removed seven miles away across the Hermus, the Necropolis of the Kings, with the Tomb of Alyattes.

The most important remain in Sardis is the temple. In point of size it was inferior to many others, but in architectural beauty it was probably—in the Ionic order—unsurpassed. When Smith, the first of our English travellers, visited it in the time of Charles II., there were ten of its columns still standing. In 1750 there were three columns, with their architraves, part of the cella, and three detached columns. In 1812 this number had diminished by one half when Cockrell visited Sardis, and there then remained standing only what we now see—two of the columns with caps, which belonged to the eastern front, and part of the trunk of one of the detached columns at the side of the temple. To those who have travelled in Asia, and are unacquainted with the character of the present inhabitants of the country, it may seem strange that within one hundred years six stupendous columns, measuring from six to seven feet in diameter, should have vanished, particularly when we consider that their solidity made them capable of withstanding for thousands of years any probable natural influence except earthquake. The wonder ceases in a moment when it is known that the Turks have been in the habit of blowing these columns up in order to get the iron where-with their joints were clamped, or to look for the gold which their vulgar traditions led them to believe was buried in the masonry of the temple. The small remains of this beautiful temple which now gladden the eye of the traveller, are buried for quite twenty-five feet in the ruin and rubbish which have accumulated about its walls. It is impossible, therefore, to know how much of the foundation of the temple itself remains; but the probability is, that if the collected soil could be cleared away, and the proportions of the temple dug out, its original pavement, and the trunks of many of its columns, would be discovered in the highest state of preservation. It belonged to that classification which Vitruvius called "*Octastylus Dipterus*." As this title designates, the architrave was supported east and west by a row of eight columns; and a remarkable fact in the arrange-

ment of these columns was, that the two centre ones were the widest, while the distance between the successive columns decreased as they approached the flank of the building. This arrangement is indicative of a very high antiquity; indeed it cannot be doubted that the temple was the work of the Lydian kings, and that it was most probably approaching completion at the time of the fall of Croesus. Cockerell calculated that there were seventeen pillars along the flanks of the building, as we already know there were eight in double rows, east and west. The entire length of the peristyle, east to west, was 260 feet, and its breadth 144 feet. The caps of the columns which still remain have elicited the admiration of every European traveller who has examined them. Cockerell very justly pronounced them the "grandest remains" of Ionic architecture that he had ever seen. They are grand not only in the massiveness of their proportions, but in the exquisite elaboration of their carving. How stupendous they were may be, in some degree, realised, when it is mentioned that the architrave between the columns was constructed with single blocks of stone, each one extending from the centre of one "cap" to the centre of the next. Each of these blocks weighed, it is computed, not less than twenty-five tons weight. How they were raised to their elevated position, at least 80 feet above the level of the ground, is a mechanical puzzle which yet remains to be solved. It is most deeply to be lamented that the hand of barbarism has been laid so ruthlessly upon this exquisite marble temple. The two columns which still stand at the east end, supporting their solitary fragment of architrave, supply us with the only data to calculate what must have been the glory and beauty of the entire structure; for though it is true that there are the truncated remains of two other columns at the east end, and one column of the portico of the Pronaos, nevertheless as these are deprived of their caps, and are buried at least 25 feet from their base in accumulated debris, they afford little help to the architectural enthusiast in his strong desire to reconstruct in his imagination the original elevation of the Temple of Cybele. When Sardis was burnt, during the invasion of the Ionians, aided by the Athenians, it seems probable that the temple was destroyed.

The vow of vengeance which Darius took, and which Xerxes endeavoured to carry into effect, has been referred to. It is a remarkable fact, that wherever the army of Xerxes marched on its devastating way through Greece, the soldiers invariably destroyed the Grecian temples. This would appear to have been an act of vengeance, in retaliation for the destruction of the Temple of Cybele. The day may perchance come when the foundations of this temple will be reclaimed from the mass of rubbish under which they are now hidden; but as that day seems at present to be distant, the reader must rest content with the few details here given, which are all that can be put together upon the subject.

After the temple, the most important ruins are those of what has been conjectured to be the Gerusia, or palace of Croesus. Whether this is or is not the site of Croesus' palace, it is evident that the ruins themselves are the remains of some majestic structure. The outline of two chambers is complete, and a ground-plan of it has been given by Pryseonel. They measure 156 feet in length and 42½ in width. The ends of these superb apartments are both semicircular. The walls of the Gerusia are 10½ feet in thickness. The structure consists of brick and marble—marble piers sustaining ponderous fragments of brick arches. Chandler, in his travels, points attention to the brick of which this palace is built, as an evidence of the durability of that material for the purpose. If this be the palace of Croesus, these brick walls must have stood for more than two thousand years. So great is their solidity and sound state of preservation, that it is even now difficult—nay, almost impossible—to separate one brick from another. In the accompanying engraving the lofty piers in the foreground represent the remains of this supposed Gerusia. Further back, and beneath the slope of the Acropolis, the outlines of the theatre and stadium appear. The theatre is on the brow of the Acropolis, which was called "Prium;" it is

400 feet in diameter, but is one of the least attractive of these structures in Asia Minor, as none of the architectural embellishments remain. Parts of the vaultings that supported the tiers of marble seats are all that have survived the ravages of the Turks. These serve to trace the outline of the building, and to prove its proportions. Below the theatre, and at right angles with it, is the stadium, 1,000 feet long. This, like the theatre, is completely defaced and ruined.

History tells us that the Pactolus flowed through the Agora, or market-place of Sardis. Of this building, which must have been one of the grandest in the city, there is not at present a trace. It has been frequently asserted that the remains of two Christian churches survive among the ruins! This statement rests upon conjecture, springing out of the desire of persons interested in the history of the Seven Churches to connect some ruin in Sardis with the church to which St. John addressed himself. Smith originally started the idea that he had found remains of a church; and others adopted his supposition.

From Sardis to the Necropolis of the Kings, is a distance of seven miles. The Necropolis is plainly visible from the ruins, and lies directly north-west across the plain, and on the other side of the Hermus. A pleasant ride through tamarisk thickets for a distance of about two miles and a half, brings us to the rather deep ford by which the broad and dangerous Hermus is crossed. Four miles beyond it we come upon the Gygean Lake, surrounded with marshes, and skirted with reeds. The Necropolis, famed for the tomb of Alyattes, is in its immediate vicinity. This home of the dead is called by the Turks "Bin Tepch," or the "Thousand Hills," on account of the burial mounds or tumuli which on every side surround the grave mound of Alyattes. There are three of these mounds of stupendous proportion, while sixty or seventy smaller ones are gathered around them.

In book i. cap. 93, Herodotus gives us an account of this tomb, which, as a work of Art, he declares is second only to those of Egypt and Babylon. In the following passage he gives its measurement:—

ἡ μὲν δὲ περίοδος τοῦ σήματος, σὺν στάδιοι ἑξ, καὶ δύο πλῆθρα, τὸ δὲ εὐρὺς ἑστὶ πλῆθρα τριακάδεκα.

A mound, according to this measurement—viz., six stadia and two plethra, or rather more than three-quarters of a mile in circumference, and thirteen plethra in breadth, or 433 yards—is certainly vastly larger than the mountain mound which still continues to be as much a subject of interest and astonishment as in the days of Herodotus. The largest possible size which can be at present assigned to this tumulus, is *half a mile round*. Even this measurement would give a size and vastness to which the European eye is altogether unaccustomed. It has often been said that the base of the Great Pyramid would just fit into Lincoln's-Inn Fields, in order to convey to the intelligence of London the size of the Egyptian monument. In the same way, to realise the immense proportions of the tomb of Alyattes, let us suppose the entire area of Lincoln's-Inn Fields converted into a mound, rising to the height of the clock-tower of St. Paul's Cathedral. Even these proportions would be considerably smaller than the measurement which Herodotus gives. He tells us that this tumulus was constructed by three classes of people, the labourers, the artisans, and the *εργαζόμεναι παῖδες*—the Lydian young women who made it a rule to sell themselves, and so accumulate a marriage portion. The greater proportion of this vast mound was erected by this class of women. To the present hour it continues a wonder of the world. There is a tradition still existing that the neighbouring Gygean Lake was originally dug. It is supposed that the artisans and laborious Lydian women may have carried, from what is now part of the basin of the lake, the earth which was required to construct the tumulus. If not from the bed of the lake, it must have been brought a still greater distance from the bed of the river.

However much Herodotus may have exaggerated the size of this monument to the memory of Alyattes, and although it has evidently been greatly decreased in the lapse of two thousand

years through the deep ravines worn into its sides by the rains, particularly towards the south, nevertheless an estimate of its present vastness may be formed from the fact, that it takes full ten minutes for a traveller on horseback to ride round its base. On the summit of this mound there still exist the foundations of the Termini to which Herodotus alluded, and upon which pyramidal finish to the tomb inscriptions were originally cut telling its history. The Termini have vanished, but the foundations, 18 feet square, still exist.

No accurate measurement of this tumulus has been made until very lately. M. Spiegelthal, the Prussian Consul at Smyrna, having explored it, gives the measurement of its diameter at 281 yards, which gives us a circumference of half a mile. Now as Lincoln's-Inn Fields is just one-eighth of a mile from north to south, it will give the reader a tolerably accurate idea of the tomb of Alyattes to imagine that entire area occupied with a circular mound, and rising some 200 feet in height. The Prussian consul dug a gallery into the centre of the mound, and discovered there a sepulchral chamber (composed of white blocks of marble), 11 feet long, 8 feet broad, and 7 feet high. It was quite empty, and contained no remain either of sarcophagus or inscription. But this was accounted for by the fact that M. Spiegelthal discovered the mound had been pierced with various galleries at former dates, and therefore the tomb of Alyattes had been rifled. Nevertheless the chamber remains as perfect at this moment as when it was originally constructed in the days of Solon and of Croesus.

At the Christian era, it has already been stated, Sardis was subject to Roman government. It had been one of the twelve great cities which had suffered so terribly from earthquake—that earthquake, which Tacitus informs us happened in the night, when hills sank and valleys rose to mountains. Sardis was indebted to the Emperor Tiberius for its restoration. How Christianity came to be planted in this city is unknown;—there is a tradition that St. John preached in it, and that Clement, a disciple of St. Paul, was its first bishop. The warning addressed to it by St. John in the Apocalypse is the first historical reference to it which we possess, as a home of Christianity. That it was a place of great solicitude to the Evangelist there can be no question. "I know thy works, that thou hast a name, that thou livest, and art dead. Be watchful, and strengthen the things that remain." "Thou hast a few names, even in Sardis, which have not defiled their garments: and they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy!" "Even in Sardis" would seem to imply that the progress of the Gospel in that city was subjected to great discouragement. Its history has afforded us but "a few names" of men illustrious as the champions of the Cross; and in later centuries the Church of Sardis may be said to have utterly perished with the total depopulation of the place. One of its bishops has left an illustrious name in the annals of the Christian Church. In the second century, in the reign of Marcus Aurelius (A.D. 177), Melito, one of the pillars of the Church in Asia, was Bishop of Sardis. He is distinguished in history as the first Christian who ever made a catalogue of the books of the Old Testament. This he was led to do through travelling in Palestine. We are indebted to Eusebius for preserving many fragments of the writings of Melito: among others, for a part of the letter dedicatory to Onesimus, regarding the Canon of Scripture. He says, "When therefore I travelled in the East, and came into that country where these things were preached and done, I made strict inquiries about the books of the Old Testament, a catalogue of which I have herewith sent you." For the making of this catalogue the Christian Church to the present hour is indebted to Melito, Bishop of Sardis. He is historically distinguished as having put forth an apology for the Christians suffering persecution, addressed to Marcus Antoninus. The defence offered to the emperor will be found quoted by Neander in his "Church History" (vol. ii.). It is to be regretted that the moving appeal of Melito was of none effect. Eusebius has preserved another fragment regarding Melito that is extremely curious and interesting. It would appear that Melito, actively

engaged in supporting Polycarp, wrote two books upon the fiercely disputed subject of Easter. The works themselves are lost, but this scrap of their preface is preserved:—"Servilius Paulus being Proconsul of Asia, when Sagaris suffered martyrdom, there arose a controversy at Laodicea concerning Easter, at which time I wrote these books." Bishop Melito seems to have been a voluminous writer, judging from the number of his works catalogued by Eusebius. "As an early apologist, a voluminous writer, and an exemplary Christian," says Milner, "he was one of the pillars of the Asian churches, in an age when the fiery torrent of persecution beat against them."

In the acts of the Council of Chalcedon, mention is made of one Florentus, Bishop of Sardis. With the exception of these two men, history has not preserved to us the names of any among the "few" who were found faithful at Sardis.

In the reign of Julian, idolatry was restored in Sardis; though at his death Christianity was again established. The faith then continued to hold root in the city until the fifth century, when Sardis was taken by the Goths, and given up to rapine and pillage. Its streets flowed with blood at the time of the persecutions of Nestorius. Its subsequent history is that of the common country about it. The inroads of the Tartars and the Turks have brought it down gradually, since A.D. 1304, to its present state of desolation. The invasion of Tamerlane sealed its doom. Since that date, century by century, and year by year, it has declined, until it is at length a desolation; and the miller who grinds his corn at the mill on the Pactolus is the "last man" who can be called an inhabitant of Sardis. "In the lapse of twenty centuries the Persian chivalry, the Macedonian phalanx, the Roman legion, and the barbarous Goth, have been witnessed within its walls; while its inhabitants have alternately listened to the counsels of Solon, the hymns of the half-frantic priestess, the lessons of Apostles, and the doctrine of the false prophet. But princes, warriors, temples, and churches have now passed away, and the owl and the jackal occupy the gorgeous palace of Croesus; while the black tent of the Turcoman is alone seen upon the plains through which Xerxes poured his millions to fall beneath the Grecian sword."

OBITUARY.

JAMES S. STEWART, R.S.A.

RECENT intelligence from the Cape of Good Hope brings information of the death of Mr. James Stewart, well known in Edinburgh in former years as one of the original members of the Royal Scottish Academy, in which he took rank as a painter; but he is better known to the public generally as one of the most accomplished line engravers which this country has produced.

Mr. Stewart was born in Edinburgh about the end of October or beginning of November, 1791, and in 1804 entered as an apprentice with Mr. Robert Scott, then the first landscape engraver in Scotland, and the father of the late David Scott, R.S.A. At this time John Burnet was also an apprentice with Mr. Scott, and having nearly completed the term of his engagement, we have the authority of Mr. Horsburgh, the eminent engraver—who was apprenticed at the same time with Stewart—for stating, that it was to the valuable instructions received from Mr. Burnet that they both owed that careful training which was destined to yield such good fruits at a subsequent period. Mr. Stewart learned to draw at the Trustees' Academy, under Graham, where Wilkie and Burnet had been pupils some years before him. After the expiration of his apprenticeship, the first work of any consequence which he produced was from Allan's painting of 'Tartar Robbers dividing the Spoil.' The engraving of this was considered so excellent, as to lead to his being engaged upon the more important picture of 'The Circassian Captives,' also by Allan. In this his refined and vigorous style had free scope, affording him the opportunity of showing his power as an accomplished line engraver. The next large work upon which he was engaged was the 'Death of Archbishop Sharp,' after the same

painter, and considered one of the best he ever engraved. For this plate he received one thousand guineas, which was deemed a large sum at that period. Then followed the firm and tasteful work of 'Mary signing her Abdication,' being the last of his engravings after Allan. Subsequently, having been for a time engaged upon some subordinate subjects, he was induced to accept a situation in an academy established in Edinburgh for instructing young ladies in drawing and painting. This appointment he afterwards relinquished, having engaged with Wilkie to engrave several of his paintings: two small companion subjects from the 'Gentle Shepherd' being the earliest of his renderings from this excellent master, and one of which, that of 'Roger piping to Jenny on an evening all aglow,' is considered by many as one of the most delicious engravings of the British school. Then came his great and truly excellent work, 'The Penny Wedding,' in which has been translated, with extraordinary taste and power, all Wilkie's wide range of character. Having finished this large plate, he removed with his family to London in 1830, where he engraved another of Wilkie's pictures, 'The Pedlar,' and also a sweet engraving from a painting by himself, named 'Hide and Seek.' This plate, when completed, was seen by an eminent publishing house, and was purchased from him at his own price; subsequently, however, one of the partners chancing to say to Mr. Stewart, "By-the-bye, when did Wilkie paint this picture?" he replied, "Wilkie did not paint it, I did it myself." "Oh, ho!" rejoined the trader, "is that it? then we throw up the bargain!" and so, to his sad disappointment, the engraving was cast upon his hands. This circumstance, along with others occurring about the same time, and especially that of an increasing family, led him to think of emigrating to one of the British colonies, and in this he was much influenced to make choice of the Cape of Good Hope by his friend Mr. Thomas Pringle, the author of "African Sketches." Leaving his country somewhere in 1833, he arrived with his family at Algoa Bay, and, journeying into the interior, invested his limited savings—somewhat about £500—in the purchase of a Dutch farm of nearly fifteen hundred acres, which he named Glen-Cullen, after an old friend. This property, however, being on the Eastern Frontier, and the Caffre insurrection of 1834 breaking out within twelve months of his taking possession, he was the first settler attacked, his farm standing being fired, and he himself and family, being obliged to fly, were closely pursued by the Caffres, until, after many exciting and hair-breadth escapes, they all arrived at Somerset. In this city of refuge he turned his talents for Art to account, by painting portraits and teaching drawing, until, in course of time, becoming again prosperous, he purchased another property, which he named Cullendale, and which remains still in possession of the family.

Mr. Stewart was appointed a Government Commissioner at the close of the war, also a magistrate, and for some years a member of the Colonial Legislature; and as the duties connected with this appointment took him frequently to Cape Town, he was well known there, and much respected as an upright, intelligent, and most honourable man.

To all who knew James Stewart, it seemed strange that one so entirely lovable, and holding, by universal consent, a foremost rank in his profession, should be driven into regions where he was called upon to grapple with the circumstances of a life which all who knew him in his earlier years deemed him, of all men, least qualified to meet; and yet, when it came to the trial, he was seen to assume, with as much complacent resignation, the duties of emigrant and bush farmer, as if he never had had any other object in life.

MR. WILLIAM COTTON, F.S.A.

The name of this gentleman has of late years been so associated with that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that we cannot pass over his death, which took place some months since, without a notice, especially as we were indebted to him for some valuable materials supplied to us respecting Sir Joshua, which formed the subject of two

papers that appeared in the *Art-Journal* about nine years ago.

Mr. Cotton, it is stated in a local paper referring to his death, inherited through his father the magnificent collection of drawings, prints, sculptures, pictures, and other works of Art, accumulated by the late Mr. Charles Rogers, F.R.S., the friend of Reynolds. The possession of these treasures increased in Mr. Cotton the love of Art, and especially of that of the period in which the "father of the British school of painting" lived; and although his predecessor had sold some considerable portion of the property inherited from Mr. Rogers—as much, it is stated, as realised £4,000—the son was so ardent and indefatigable in his researches that he soon restored the collection to its original size and value, and it now forms what is known as the "Cottonian Library," at Plymouth.

Of quiet and somewhat reclusive disposition, Mr. Cotton refrained from taking part in any public business, political or otherwise: in fact, his collection and his antiquarian writings absorbed his whole attention. Among other works of which he was the author may be enumerated—"Celtic Remains," "Illustrations of Stone Circles, Cromlechs, &c., in Cornwall," "Antiquities of Totnes," "Notes of the Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds."

THE "INTERNATIONAL" BUILDING.

THE House of Commons, by a majority of more than two to one (287 against 121), on Thursday, July 2, rejected the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Government, and refused to purchase of Messrs. Lucas and Kelk the building that contained the International Exhibition in 1862. The universal feeling of the country has thus been represented, and we are saved from another national disgrace. The vote was not only rejected—it was refused with indignation;—the House treated the application with scorn. The result is pregnant with immense good. The whole of the "business" at South Kensington will now be looked into. Luckily for its "managers" the vote of the year has passed; members will, however, between now and next session, have time and opportunity for "inquiry." The issue will be to arrest the progress of a monstrous job; to place competent professors of Art and Science in the places of those who are notoriously ignorant of either, and who have kept their seats so long only by nourishing an idea that an insinuation to their prejudice was equivalent to an act of disloyalty.*

Nearly every month during the past two years we pictured this "International" building in terms just such as are now applied to it by the House of Commons. When, early in the year 1862, Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., publicly characterised it as of unparalleled excellence, and its architect as worthy to take rank with the great Art-masters of all ages and countries, we engraved a picture of its leading features, and described it as "a vile parody of architecture," "in merit below that of any railway station in the kingdom." The public soon grew to be of that opinion; and the House of Commons has given emphasis to it. If, therefore, England has been the laughing stock of Europe, we have shown that the nation is not responsible for the acts of a clique, and that a "job" designed to benefit a few at the expense of the country will not, no matter by what influence advocated, receive the sanction of Parliament.

The Profession has at length spoken out. British architects have earned some obloquy by the patience—it seemed apathy—with which they looked on while the outrage was perpetrated. The Institute of British Architects—headed by

* Perhaps Lord Elcho or Mr. Gregory, or both, will ascertain the sum granted by Parliament for residences and schools at South Kensington, and then take the trouble to visit the locality, and see how the money has been expended; what was the share allotted to make the residences palatial mansions; and how much was spent on the sheds in which the pupils, male and female, are said to be taught. It may be that in this case, as in other cases, fools have built houses that wise men may live in them, and that the owners in prospect may never be occupiers.

its president, Professor Donaldson—petitioned the House to refuse the grant, and "not to endorse the expressed opinion of the whole of Europe that this building is a grave discredit to the artistic reputation of England." No doubt their appeal had great weight, and largely aided the decision of the House to reject the motion, and (we quote the words of Lord Elcho) "to refuse the purchase of the part or the whole of the building, as equally opposed to sound sense, sound economy, and good taste."

There was one point in the debate to which public attention should be pointedly directed; it now appears that the Royal Commissioners, whose "blundering" was notorious in all they did—from the employment of their architect to their agreement for provisions—had "so mis-managed their affairs" (again we quote Lord Elcho) as to have had no contract with Messrs. Kelk and Lucas for the removal of the building in the event of its non-purchase; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer disingenuously used this fact as an argument in favour of the purchase, inasmuch as years might elapse before the contractors cleared the ground.*

The cause of the omission is obvious: "clearing the ground" was never contemplated by the Commissioners. Mr. C. Bentinck was right in stating "there was a report in circulation, which he was strongly disposed to credit, that from the first there had been an intention on the part of the Commissioners and persons connected with the Exhibition that the building, by hook or by crook, should become the property of the nation."

Thus, not only all who appreciate excellence in Art, but the public almost universally, will receive with unmingled satisfaction the intelligence that a gross and discreditable job has been defeated—that the House of Commons has (to borrow the words of one of its members) "refused to sanction that which would be a permanent disgrace, and to see Science and Art and all the foolery of Bartholomew Fair mixed up together;" has declined to sustain the South Kensington managers, who, to quote the language of an hon. member, are "not *littérateurs*, not men of Science and Art, but a mere set of toadies;" and have thus, in a manner not to be misunderstood, adopted the views of an accomplished French critic, M. Merimée (quoted in the House), as to the building and its architect:—"He has produced something with the pretensions of a monumental building without even the merit of being a commodious shed. By all means preserve it if you wish to warn posterity of the faults to be avoided in the erection of a great public building, just as the Spartans exhibited to their children a drunken helot." The building, therefore, "whether Fowkean or Dilkhoosian" (we quote Mr. C. Bentinck)—"the wretched edifice is not to be a perpetual by-word and shame to England," but will be removed as soon as Parliament shall order it to be removed; and especially, and above all, the memory of the Good Prince Albert will not be subjected to an enduring reproach at South Kensington, for, as Lord Elcho rightly said, "the House had yet to learn what possible connection there was between the plans of the Prince Consort and this building, which he never saw, into which, alas! he never entered, and with which he had really no connection. He could tell the Government that if they wished to render the schemes of the late Prince unpopular, and to cast discredit on Science and Art, they could not more effectually accomplish that object than by thrusting down the throat of the House this ugly temporary shed, which no amount of money would ever render permanent, convenient, or beautiful."

* Mr. Cowper stated that the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, who were the proprietors of the land, covenanted with the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1862 that the land should be cleared within six months after the conclusion of the Exhibition, and they naturally assumed that some legal document had been signed by the contractors to that effect. It was only recently discovered that the Commissioners of 1862 had failed to obtain any covenant that would bind the contractors on this point, and had his right hon. friend been aware of this fact when he proposed the vote he would have mentioned it. It was now found that, though the contractors were bound to remove the building, they were, in the absence of an express covenant, left to the ordinary course of the law as to the time of clearing the ground, and could therefore take a longer time than six months.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

MR. FREDERICK GOODALL has been elected Member of the Royal Academy. This election cannot fail to give general satisfaction, to artists as well as to the public. The pictures of this accomplished painter are universally esteemed; he is a thinker as well as a worker, and has elevated the art of which he is so eminent a professor.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY COMMITTEE.—It is understood that the Report is ready; probably it will be issued before our Journal of the month appears. Rumour, however, has pretty accurately forestalled its nature and purport. We believe both are sufficiently well known to those who are more immediately concerned in the result. We abstain from comments until all the details are before us. Plans, however, may be entirely changed in consequence of the resolution of the House of Commons not to buy the International Building, to which, no doubt, the national pictures would have been removed, to remain there only until a National Gallery is built on the site of Burlington House; for the Report of the Royal Academy Committee is grounded on a recommendation to give to that Institution the whole of the building in Trafalgar Square.

MR. H. B. WILLIS, Associate of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, has been elected Member of the Institution.

THE 1851 TESTIMONIAL.—In describing the admirable work of the sculptor, we ought to have quoted a passage from the report of the Memorial Committee to the effect that, "aided by the Prince's suggestion, and an increase in the amount of the funds, Mr. Durham enlarged and improved his design, Sydney Smirke, Esq., R.A., co-operating with him in the architectural details."

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A., is to be lamented, although he dies full of years and honours. We postpone until next month a memoir of his long, active, and useful life.

"STONEWALL JACKSON."—A committee has been formed, and subscriptions raised, for the purpose of executing in England, and presenting to Virginia, a statue of this remarkable soldier. It is to be the work of J. H. Foley, Esq., R.A.

MESSRS. MOIRA AND HAIGH hold a very foremost rank among British photographers, not only in reference to the popular and universally adopted "cartes," but to portraits of size, and to the several other objects to which the valuable art is applied. We have been induced to visit their atelier in Lower Seymour Street, where they have greatly improved facilities for obtaining light, without the inconvenience of ascent, and where they exhibit conclusive evidence of skill and power. Few have more successfully practised the art than Mr. Haigh, to whose productions in landscape, as well as in portraiture, we have frequently called attention. But the great advantage of this firm consists in the fact, that while Mr. Haigh is a skilful manipulator, Mr. Moira is an artist of long-established fame, his place as a miniature painter having been for some years among the first in England, and also on the Continent, where he has painted likenesses of nearly all the Sovereign families. The whole of the royal family of England have also been his pupils. Miniature painting as an art, however, has almost ceased; Mr. Moira practices it prosperously by the aid of photography. This happy combination of the true artist with the experienced operator is therefore the source of the success of this firm—the cause of the very large share of patronage they enjoy.

PARLIAMENT GRANTS FOR ART.—The sum of £16,028 has been voted for the current annual expenses of the National Gallery and the purchase of pictures, after a little discussion on an amendment proposed by Mr. Coningham, to the effect that the item of £2,000 placed against "travelling expenses" be reduced by £1,400. A sum of £1,500 was also voted for the National Portrait Gallery.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.—The annual festival of this institution was held on the 13th of June, at the Freemasons' Hall, W. B. Beach, Esq., M.P., presiding. The attendance was not so large as on some former occasions, probably owing to the unfavourable state of the weather.

The chairman stated that since the foundation of the "Fund" the sum of £24,721 had been distributed in the relief of the widows and orphans of British artists. During the last year fifty-three widows received annuities amounting to £765, and fifteen orphans had also been assisted. There was one special remark made during the evening by the honourable member which certainly no one—or at least none who know anything about the matter—will be disposed to deny: it was to this effect—that the House of Commons was the worst tribunal of Art in this country, and with all respect to the Premier, Mr. Beach ventured to question the good effect of his influence and authority in parliament touching any matter of aesthetics. A sum of nearly £600 was subscribed after the cloth was removed, which included her Majesty's usual subscription of 100 guineas.

THE HAMPTON COURT PICTURE GALLERY.—Our contemporary, the *Athenæum*, has published the following:—"A highly-interesting discovery has recently been made by Mr. Redgrave, at Hampton Court, to the effect that one of the pictures formerly attributed to Pordenone, a Virgin and Child, with two figures in adoration, life-size half-figures, is really the work of an artist whose works are extremely rare in this country, Girolamo Savoldo, of Brescia, styled by Ridolfi, G. Bresciano. Vasari names him Giangirolamo. . . . It seems that the work in question had been covered with the abominable brown composition erst used to give 'tone' to pictures, but on removing that, the signature and date, 1527, appeared. Also at Hampton Court it has been found that an old and sadly-disfigured picture, called a Titian, formerly hung in one of the gallery's darkest cells, when put in order, turned out to be a beautiful specimen of old Palma, a Virgin and Child, with St. John, &c. This is numbered 746."

THE UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION IN PARIS, 1867.—The *Moniteur* contains the decree, signed by the Emperor Napoleon, announcing that a universal exhibition of agricultural and industrial products is to take place in Paris from the 1st of May, 1867, to the 30th of the following September. The decree is preceded by a report from M. Rouher, who says:—"The commission which met on the 5th of June was unanimously of opinion that the industrial and moral advantages of universal exhibitions are becoming more and more evident. Producers have derived much practical utility from them, and their foremen and workmen also. They have learnt to improve their systems of manufacture, and to extend the circle of their commercial operations. The savans and artists who form the international jury generally agree in considering that these competitions stimulate the progress of Science and Art. Moreover, if this exhibition is arranged so as to attract a large number of our countrymen and foreigners, it will be a considerable source of profit to the city of Paris, while, at the same time, it will favour the influence of the French nation, and the development of its relations of all kinds. The commission was of opinion that a feeling of just emulation ought to urge France after the Exhibition of 1862 as of that of 1851, to follow England, and attempt for the second time this great undertaking. In addition to these general advantages, there are others which the presence of the savans and industrials of every country enables us to obtain." M. Rouher, in conclusion, proposes that the Exhibition of 1867 should be "more thoroughly universal" than its predecessors, and that to this end it should embrace, as far as possible, the industrial products of all countries, as exemplified in every branch of human activity. He recommends the immediate publication of his report, in order that the most distant nations may make their preparations in time. A Fine Art Exhibition is to take place at the same time as the Industrial Exhibition.

THE SCOTTISH MEMORIAL to the late Prince Consort is, we hear, to be entrusted to Mr. Noel Paton, R.S.A., her Majesty having selected the design submitted by this artist, who is neither a sculptor nor an architect, but a painter of high merit. The design, as described, presents the appearance of a rich Gothic cross, surmounted by a moulded cope and plinth, bearing a full-length statue of the Prince in the robes of the

Order of the Garter. Under the trefoil arch on each of the four sides of the cross is a seated figure emblematic of Science and the Arts which the Prince loved so well. The whole is supported on a moulded pedestal and flight of steps, taking the form of a cross. The front of the pedestal, under each of the figures, bears an elaborate bas-relief. The height of the whole erection is about fifty feet, and it is designed to be placed on the terrace in West Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. J. B. WARING.—A considerable number of the principal English contributors to the late International Exhibition, in the classes over which this gentleman was superintendent, having subscribed a sum of money to present him with a memorial of the undertaking, and to testify their appreciation of the services rendered to them, recently carried out their object by handing over to Mr. Waring an ebony coffer and bronze lamp, by Barbedienne, a bronze lamp by Gayneau, and a marble clock, with a pair of candelabra to match, by Carlihan and Corbiere. Accompanying these presents was an elegantly illuminated address from the subscribers. Our own experience of the courtesy shown by Mr. Waring at all times during the Exhibition justifies us in saying that the compliment offered him is well deserved.

ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL OF ART.—The seventh annual *conversazione* of this school took place on the evening of May 14, when twenty-six medals were presented to the successful competitors—Miss Amy Messom, Miss Louisa Aumonier, and Mrs. J. F. Ducloy receiving two each. The drawings of these students, and those of three or four other medallists, were selected to compete for the national medallion. Five students obtained "honourable mention."

CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL OF ART.—On the 18th of May the distribution of prizes to the students in this school was made in the Lecture Theatre at the South Kensington Museum. Mr. H. Cole presided, and after some remarks by Mr. Redgrave, R.A., on schools of Art generally, Cardinal Wiseman delivered an address on the advantages of Art-knowledge, both for purposes of utility and enjoyment. The Rev. W. Rogers, incumbent of St. Thomas Charterhouse, to whom this school is much indebted for the interest he has always felt in its welfare, also took part in the proceedings. Towards the close of the meeting, a testimonial from the students was presented to Mr. Clack, head master.

MR. CHURCH'S PICTURE OF 'THE ICEBERG.'—We have in type an ample notice of this fine work, which we are most reluctantly obliged to postpone to next month. To have compressed our remarks within less space than that devoted to them would be a manifest injustice to the artist and his picture; a subject of this nature, and treated in such a manner, so full of valuable materials and suggestions, could not rightly be dismissed in a few brief paragraphs.

MR. GIBSON, R.A., has arrived in England from Rome, to execute a bust of the Princess of Wales, who has given the sculptor several sittings.

THE GUARDS' BALL, in the late picture gallery of the International Exhibition building, gave an opportunity for us to "try our hand" at temporary decoration. Perhaps the result was satisfactory; at all events, it was better than we are used to. Flags and banners were plentifully scattered about; the Queen lent some of the most beautiful of her tapestries; Kew contributed exotic plants; gold and silver plate were lavishly bestowed for the occasion; and Mr. Eyles, the able superintendent of the Horticultural Gardens, arranged a graceful and effective ante-room with ferns and flowers and fountains. Brucciani placed very judiciously the abundant sculptures at his disposal; and Nosotti, of Oxford Street, fitted up in excellent taste the boudoir of the Princess and her ladies-attendant. This boudoir was indeed the only "fitted up" portion that made much pretence to Art; and it was, to say the least, exceedingly creditable to the decorator who made the mirrors, the console tables, and the several *écoteras* that combined into a charming and attractive whole. The affair, however, was far too hurried; we have thus but an "inkling" of what could be done, and are unwilling to accept the occasion as affording conclusive evi-

dence of our capabilities in the way of decorating rooms that are to be made famous by one evening of "show."

THE PICTURES ascribed to Madame Lundgren in our notice, a month or two since, of the exhibition of the Society of Female Artists, are the work of Mademoiselle Amalia Lindegren. We have been requested to signify this.

THE DRINKING FOUNTAIN recently erected in the enclosure of St. James's Park, by order of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, is the work of Mr. Robert Jackson, of Maida Hill, the chief assistant of the late Mr. Thomas in the sculptures of the Houses of Parliament. The pedestal of the fountain is surmounted by a boy, seated with an antique-shaped picture at his side. The figure is very easy and natural in its position, and the whole of the design is most creditable to the taste and judgment of the sculptor. But cannot any device be found as a substitute for the old conventional mask or animal's head as a water-spout? The association of idea is far from agreeable.

THE FAMOUS WELLINGTON FUNERAL CAR has been "heard of" in the House of Commons. It appears that the vergers of St. Paul's Cathedral have it in their crypt, where they are making a "show" of it at sixpence a head. The thing altogether is not worth sixpence—it would be a public service to burn it—nevertheless it seems to have brought money to the exchequer of the canons. Mr. Bernal Osborne was facetious on the subject:—"He had been under the impression that the hideous article of upholstery called the Duke of Wellington's funeral car had long ago been sold off; but now it turned up actually in the crypt of St. Paul's, with the trappings, flags, and other things which made up the raree show, at sixpence a head, on the interest of which the right hon. gentleman had expatiated so enthusiastically. It was debasing the taste of the country to exhibit such articles. The whole affair was perfectly ridiculous."

BRUCCIANI, whose name is so well and honourably known as the reproducer in England of works in plaster, has issued two busts of the Prince and Princess of Wales. They are pleasant acquisitions, brought within reach of the many.

THE EXPERIMENTAL FRESCOS.—It may be remembered by many that a committee was appointed to hear evidence and report upon the causes of the decay of the frescoes painted in the Upper Waiting Hall. We have looked with some interest for this report; but the result of the deliberations of this committee has not yet appeared. All that is known of the issue of the inquiry is from a passage occurring in the last report of the Commissioners, and being as follows:—"The members of that committee, assisted by an able chemist, after careful and repeated inspections of the paintings, not only in the Upper Waiting Hall, but throughout the building, have examined various artists and other competent witnesses; but up to this time they have not been able to arrive at any satisfactory result." By persons whose opinions are entitled to respect, various reasons have been assigned for the decay of these works; among others, it has been said that the lime employed was not sufficiently seasoned—that the failure was due to the inexperience of English artists in fresco, &c. The uniform appearance of these pictures, under first symptoms of dissolution, is a patchy discolouration, after which the colour blisters and drops off. It is proposed to repeat the subjects, but this is earnestly to be deprecated, as the majority of them is far below that quality which ought to be a standard of national Art; moreover, we presume to predict that repetitions would be subject to the same fate as the present pictures. The frescoes in the corridors have been executed nearly according to a recipe identical with that observed in the Upper Waiting Hall; and certain of them have been in their places some years, but as yet there is no sign of decay in any of them. It has been authoritatively denied that damp has had any share in the destruction of these frescoes; but if this be true, why, in the well-ventilated corridors, has it been considered necessary to paint the corridor frescoes on slabs of slate, and fix them, leaving a space for ventilation between the back of the panels and the wall? Years ago we suggested the propriety of effacing

the greater number of the frescoes in the Waiting Hall. If there must be wall paintings there, the mere repetition of these subjects is highly objectionable; and whatever is done there should be painted in *stereochrome*.

ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' SOCIETY.—The last *conversazione* brought these most pleasant *réunions* to a close for the season. The large room at Willis's was thronged with company to a late hour in the evening, and there was an abundance of Art-works to interest all. Conspicuous among the contributions were some of the pictures out of the Bicknell collection, Landseer's 'Prize Calf' and Leslie's 'Heiress,' both lent by Mr. H. Wallis; Copley Fielding's two large drawings of 'Rivaux Abbey,' lent by Messrs. Vokins. On looking again at these works, we felt more than ever at a loss to understand what principle, save that of the desire of acquisition at any price, leads purchasers to give enormous sums for such productions. What principle of genuine artistic merit can possibly guide them in the selection? Will those pictures, fifty years hence, realise the half of what was paid for them at Messrs. Christie's the other day? Among many other paintings and drawings placed in the rooms, we noticed examples of T. Faed, A.R.A., F. Dillon, D. Cox, J. D. Harding, E. Duncan, Troyon, &c.

E. M. WARD, R.A.—An admirable portrait of this distinguished painter has recently been published by Mr. Gambart. It is engraved by W. Holl, from the picture by G. Richmond, A.R.A. All who have a personal knowledge of Mr. Ward will at once recognise the fidelity of the likeness, and the expression his face is wont to bear when absorbed by earnest thought relaxing into a smile. The engraving is in Mr. Holl's most delicate style of work.

"ART LIFE IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND" is the title of a monthly publication that dates from Bristol, the first number of which has reached us. We welcome any work that aims at diffusing a knowledge and appreciation of Art; and if we cannot find much in this new periodical to lead us to anticipate great things from it, it may in time effect something. Local class publications have not generally been very successful; and articles such as "Charles Overend's Portrait" in this will not tend to the encouragement of Art in Bristol, where, according to the statement we read in another paper, there prevails an insensibility to Art, as evidenced by the "miserable attitude of the present exhibition of the Fine Arts' Academy." A story—not well written either—entitled "Charles Overend's Portrait," which occupies about one-third of the entire number of pages, and is "to be continued," shows that the editor does not understand what such a journal as he conducts should offer its readers. The best contribution is a series of short papers about Art, called "Waifs of Thought."

MONUMENT TO SHAKESPEARE.—The approach of the three hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, which will be on the 23rd of April, 1864, has suggested to the minds of many ardent admirers of our great dramatist the idea of raising a public memorial in his honour. Germany, it is said, has her statues of Goethe and Schiller, France of her Corneille and Moliere, Scotland of Burns and Scott, Ireland of Goldsmith and Moore, while England has no national memorial of one greater than them all—greater than any poet the world ever saw. This reproach ought, it is alleged, to be taken away from us; and, accordingly, a movement has been commenced for this purpose. At present nothing at all definite has been determined upon. The provisional committee invites the aid and co-operation of all classes of society to further so desirable an undertaking. Communications on the subject may be addressed, for the present, to the honorary secretary of the "Urban Club," St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell; or to the secretary of the "Dramatic Authors' Society," King Street, Covent Garden.

THE COLOSSEUM.—This old public favourite has received a new impetus under the management of Mr. A. Nimmo, a gentleman of much experience and knowledge, who is applying his energies to render it as attractive as it was when competitors were comparatively few in the Metropolis.

REVIEWS.

COLOUR IN DRESS. A MANUAL FOR LADIES. By W. and G. AUDSLEY. Published by LONGMAN AND CO., London; HOLDEN, Liverpool.

There is no subject of social and domestic economy which, in the present day, has called forth more remark than that of feminine costume; a universal crusade against the style in vogue—sometimes very becoming, yet always most inconvenient both to the wearer and others—has led to no other result than a systematic perseverance on the part of the ladies in maintaining their rights and privileges which *man-kind* must admire and yet lament. The authors of this little treatise do not, however, venture on the delicate ground of dimensions—small hope would there be for them, if they did, of finding readers among the gentle sex—but confine themselves strictly to the use and abuse of colour in dress; and it is on this point that many ladies require enlightenment to set off their persons to the best advantage. The subject is simple enough if rightly understood, and requires only a little knowledge of the laws of harmony as regards colours, and their peculiar suitability to particular complexions, and this is all Messrs. Audsley aim at. Their observations are quite to the purpose, and may be accepted as safe guides. The writers intimate that no work on this subject has previously appeared, but it was treated three or four years ago by Mrs. Merrifield in a series of papers written for the *Art-Journal*, which have subsequently been published in a small volume.

But we have a word or two of our own to say concerning ladies' attire, or, at least, that portion of it which pertains to the head. Of course every person, whether man or woman, possessing real taste and assuming the garb of true gentility, acts in this matter as recommended by Shakspeare—

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

Yet we often meet with ladies—moving, too, in good society—whose ambition it seems to be to render themselves conspicuous by their absurdity and tawdriness of adornment. Nature never intended the female head to be used for a display of floriculture; still, we have seen bonnets and head-dresses so decked out with flowers that one would have thought the wearers were candidates for prizes at a flower show. Artificial fruit worn on the head is yet more objectionable; the association is positively disagreeable; but our eyes—and feelings, too—have not unfrequently been outraged at the sight of bunches of currants, cherries, white and purple grapes, strawberries, &c., thus appropriated. Such things are certainly a perversion of the gifts of nature, and can on no account be tolerated in the vocabulary of costume.

ONE HUNDRED LECTURES ON THE ANCIENT AND MODERN DRAMATIC POETS, THE HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY, ORATORY, AND ELOCUTION, DOWN TO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY; COMMENCING WITH THESPIUS, THE FOUNDER OF THE DRAMATIC ART, SIXTH CENTURY, B.C. By B. C. JONES. Published by W. H. ALLEN AND CO., London.

Mr. Jones has obtained considerable reputation, in the provinces chiefly, as a public reader of Shakspeare's dramas; and he has commenced the onerous task of writing a series of lectures according to the heading of this notice. It may be presumed that the majority, if not all, of these are rather intended for perusal than public delivery, for it may well be questioned whether the taste of those who usually make up the audience of a lecture-room will lead them to appreciate the labours of the author. However this may be, he has published two volumes, consisting of nineteen lectures; the remainder, it is intimated, will follow according to the "extent of support" these receive.

His appeal to the public is a rich specimen of literary modesty. "I am already," he says, "in possession of sufficient material to write upon for the next year or two, therefore if you as vividly grasp at the enlightening flashes that I purpose electrifying you with, as I cause them to appear, I'll promise you not to disorganise your gastric capacities, but give you such food as you shall digest with pleasure; yet you must not expect from me too much, lest I disappoint you and bring your maledictions on to my own unfortunate noddle. Let us go on smoothly; be you moderate in your demands, and I'll be as prolific in my effusions as nature will allow me."

It is well for Mr. Jones's reputation as a literary man and a scholar—for we suppose he lays claim to both characters—that the text of his books has greater pretension to classic style than the preface, the tone of which is simply a demand for money in

exchange for paper and print. We would strongly advise him to expunge the greater portion of it in a second edition, if one ever appears. Authors who choose to rush into print must take the chance of a sale for their works; it is not creditable to come before the public with a kind of *argumentum ad misericordiam*, or in the spirit of commercial barter—and to confess it.

The nineteen lectures now published relate to the dramatic writings of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*. We may say, briefly, that they who are unacquainted with the works of these old Greek poets, in the original or through translations, will obtain a very fair knowledge of their meaning, character, and peculiarities, from Mr. Jones's explanation, comments, and extracts. He is evidently a man of cultivated mind, though his taste as regards thought and expression is not always the most refined, and there is sometimes a flippancy in his style of writing scarcely suited to the dignity of his theme. In spite of these blemishes, the amount of learning and research manifest in these essays well entitles them to favourable notice, independently of the information they afford of the earliest forms of dramatic composition; for the mythological history on which the plays are chiefly founded presents a wide and comprehensive field of inquiry and elucidation, of which the author has taken abundant advantage. Whether or not his labours will gain for him that pecuniary reward he is naturally desirous to secure, there can be no hesitation in admitting that he is doing good service by his endeavours to render popular among us writings which have hitherto been only within the reach and the comprehension of the highly educated.

THE FINE ARTS QUARTERLY REVIEW. No. I. Published by CHAPMAN AND HALL, London.

This long-announced periodical has at length made its first appearance, and we give it a hearty welcome, as we would any publication aiming at the same object as ourselves—the diffusion of Art-knowledge in every way. If delicate cream-coloured paper, excellent printing in old-fashioned type, and a long array of great names appended as contributors in some form or another, can ensure success, this "quarterly" has a fair chance of obtaining it. But the question is, after all, not whether such a journal ought to answer, but, is there a public, feeling so much interest in Art-matters as to support a work taking the high ground which this assumes to itself? Our own opinion, based upon an experience of more than a quarter of a century, would negative its existence. Serial publications professedly addressed to a class must extend their horizon very widely to become popular, even in a restricted sense of the term; or, in other words, they must, and not unfrequently, travel out of the orbit claimed as their own especially.

The subjects discussed in this commencing number are varied, and they differ, too, in merit. There is an article on "English Painting in 1862," not too complimentary to our artists and their patrons. Mr. S. Redgrave gives a lengthened notice of Sandby's "History of the Royal Academy." The paper on the "Loan Collection," at South Kensington, is the work of a writer thoroughly conversant with his subject; and that on the "Preservation and Restoration of Pictures and Drawings" will be found useful to collectors. Mr. F. T. Palgrave contributes a paper "On the Theory of Design in Architecture," and Mr. J. B. Atkinson reviews Cardinal Wiseman's lecture on "Points of Contact between Science and Art." The "Summary of Art News" must have been some months in type, for the major part of it is now very old news. It is scarcely fair to a serial publication to form an opinion of its ultimate success by a first appearance; we must wait for what may follow.

CUPS AND THEIR CUSTOMS. Published by J. VAN VOORST, London.

We suppose the time will never arrive, so long as grapes grow and palatable wine is to be had, when the "loving cup" will pass untasted in our civic halls, and the social cup will not be welcomed in friendly gatherings. It is never very difficult to draw the line between the use and abuse of the good things of life, and if men would but eat and drink in order to live, instead of living to eat and drink, they would be wiser and better in mind and body. Happily, the years have gone by when indulgence in strong drinks was a prevalent fashion among the upper and middle ranks of society; to see one of these classes in a state of inebriety is, indeed, of very rare occurrence; among the lower orders intoxication is one of the great vices of the age, and the fruitful mother of half the crimes which fill our gaols with felons. We want books, therefore, that will help to

stem the torrent of evil, rather than assist in accelerating it.

As advocates of the most rigid temperance, we must leave our readers to deal as their consciences dictate with "Cups and their Customs," which, after some few pages of introductory matter and historical remarks on the subject, gives recipes for brewing the most noted "cups" loved by our forefathers, and not altogether unknown among ourselves. Did, however, the anonymous author intend to offer a warning when he introduced, as a tail-piece to his book, the engraving of "The Mug of a Celt?" a ghastly scull thus fashioned, which is preceded by Byron's bacchanalian lines upon a similar object. Is this to intimate what is too often a truth, that strong drinks are allied with death? The hint may be of service.

THE NEST-HUNTERS; or, Adventures in the Indian Archipelago. By WILLIAM DALTON, author of "Will Adams, the first Englishman in Japan," &c. With Illustrations. Published by ARTHUR HALL AND CO., London.

This story is an improvement upon Mr. Dalton's previous tales, good as they were. It describes the adventures of two English boys who, with their father, go over to Batavia, to reside with a brother of the latter. On their arrival they find their uncle dead, and soon after the father dies also from the bite of a cobra. The uncle's widow, shortly after her husband's decease, marries a notary, an "oily-tongued" man, who immediately takes measures for getting into his own hands the property left by the uncle to his young daughter and his two nephews. The former is abducted, and, it is said, murdered; the latter, fearing to remain any longer with their aunt, a weak, indolent woman, having no thought for anybody or anything which does not minister to her self-indulgence, leave their home, and take service with a party of "nest-hunters," that is, those who go in search of the nests that form the famous soup of the Chinese and Japanese epicures. After enduring perils of every kind, the young adventurers return to England with the money left them by their uncle, and one of them the husband of his cousin Marie, who has only been concealed, and not murdered. The interest of the story is well sustained; the characters of the brothers are naturally drawn—one, a bold, daring fellow, ready for any fray or foray; the other, cautious, but no coward—while the scenes and places through which they pass reveal some striking, and not generally known, pictures of life among the Japanese people and the half-civilised races who inhabit the islands of the Eastern Archipelago.

OUR FEATHERED FAMILIES: Game and Water Birds. By H. G. ADAMS, author of "Birds of Song," "Birds of Prey," &c. &c. With upwards of Sixty Illustrations by HARRISON WHIR, WILLIAM HARVEY, F. W. KEYL, and others. Published by HOGG AND SONS, London.

This is by no means the least interesting of Mr. Adams's three little histories of the feathered tribes of Great Britain, and we think he has not miscalculated his labours in expressing a "hope that he has produced a work on British Birds suitable for popular reading, containing as much information as the space permitted, and that of a kind not calculated to mislead." In addition to the account of game-birds and water-fowl, this volume contains, in the form of an appendix, a chapter on doves and pigeons, neither of which could be properly included under the classes that make up the contents of his ornithological division, but which ought not to be entirely omitted, inasmuch as they are birds highly prized among us. History, anecdote, and descriptive poetry are employed by Mr. Adams in the furtherance of his object, and with a result perfectly satisfactory. Among the numerous "Books with a Meaning," published by Messrs. Hogg, "Our Feathered Families," in their several distinct groups, may be classed with the most instructive and amusing.

THE APOSTLE OF THE ALPS. A Tale. By the Author of "Moravian Life in the Black Forest." Published by A. HALL & CO., London.

The story of Bernard de Menthon, the Apostle of the Alps, as he was designated, is made an interesting narrative of biographical romance that may very safely be put into the hands of the young. It is, however, a pity that the writer has omitted all dates; it is only by inference, and that a vague one, that the reader can have an idea when De Menthon lived. There should be in history or biography no obscurity where it could easily be avoided.

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2. MR. JORROCKS (Jr.)—"Come hup! I say—you ugly beast!"
3. HUGGLES—"Hold hard, Master George. It's too wide, and uncommon deep."—Master George. "All right, Huggles! We can both swim!"
4. WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.—Furthest of Doot. "Not be in time! Oh, nonsense! Send my horse on—see my patients early—dread in the Brougham—there I am!" (and off he goes he may have a good run.)
5. A FRIENDLY MOUNT.—Parry (whose name is not what it used to be). "You are quite sure, Charles, that he's temperate?"—Charles. "Oh, yes! come along! Do you think I should let you ride him if he wasn't? Why you might kill the horse!" (Nervous Parry is much flattered by the consideration of Friend.)
6. GONE AWAY!—Old Coachman. "Now, Miss Ellen! Miss Ellen! You know what your Pa said! You was to let the greatest care of Jerry!"—Miss Ellen. "So I will, Robert! and that's why I am taking him off the nasty hard road, poor thing!"
7. THE NOBLE SCIENCE.—Tomkins and his friend (who have been thrown out) congratulate themselves on falling in with the Squire's second horseman, who is sure to bring them by a line of gates to the hounds again—and so he does, only—the last of the gates is locked, and over which he "hope like a bird."
8. OUR FRIEND TOM NODDY has a day with the Brookside Harriers.—With his usual prudence he gets a horse accustomed to the hills!
9. A CAPITAL FINISH.—Exulted but rather behind-hand Parry. "Now then, my man, have you seen 'em? Which way have they gone?"—Man. "All right, Sir! They're down 'ere. F-a-a-n! bonds is just run into th' Infant School."
10. "DON'T MOVE THERE, WE SHALL CLEAR YOU!"

"SPORTS AND PASTIMES."

Ten Subjects for £10 10s.

1. THE MERMAID'S HAUNT.
2. A CAVALIER, 1860. Adolphus. "Now, girls!—if you're game for a ride on the sands—I'm your man."
3. NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR.—Adolphus. "Now I've got you!"
4. YES, MY DEARS! I know the sea-breeze after bathing is beneficial to the back-hair;—but consider the heart of your too susceptible Panch.
5. A SHOCKING YOUNG LADY, INDEED.—Emily (harshly to Charles). "Oh, Charles, isn't it fun? I've beaten Arthur and Julia, and I've broke Aunt Sally's nose seven times!"
6. SCENE AT SANDHATH.—The Female Blondin outdone! Grand morning Performance on the Narrow Plank by the Darling.
7. THE FAIR TOXOPHILITES.—Constance. "Oh, mamma! I'm so delighted. I have

- just made the best gold, and won the beautiful bracelet given by Captain Rife."
8. Lucy (disappointed). "Well, Constance, I think you had better not say much about it. You know it was a fluke! for you told me you always shot with your eyes shut, as you feel so very nervous!"
9. A NICE GAME FOR TWO OR MORE.—"Fixing her eyes on him, and placing her pretty little foot on the ball, she said, 'Now, then, I am going to Cricket you!' and Cricket'd he was completely."—(From *Rosie to Emily*.)
10. THE OLD FOXHUNTER.—Florence. "Well, Ronald! and how do you like *Notion Row*?"—Ronald. "Oh, pretty well; but it's rather slow work to a man who has been accustomed to go across country as I have all my life!"
11. NOT A BAD IDEA FOR WARM WEATHER.—Frederick. "Now, Girls, pull away—don't be idle!"

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